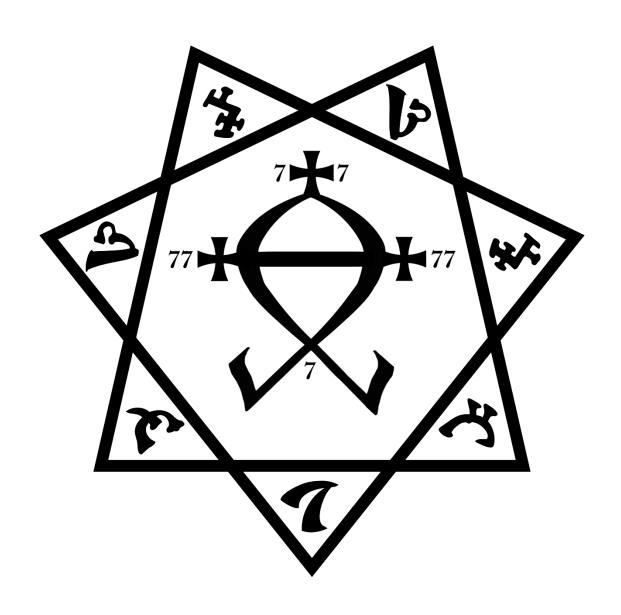
The Vision and the Voice

being of the Angels of the Thirty Æthyrs

(Mexico, 1900 and Algeria, 1909)

As delivered to Perdurabo and O.V.

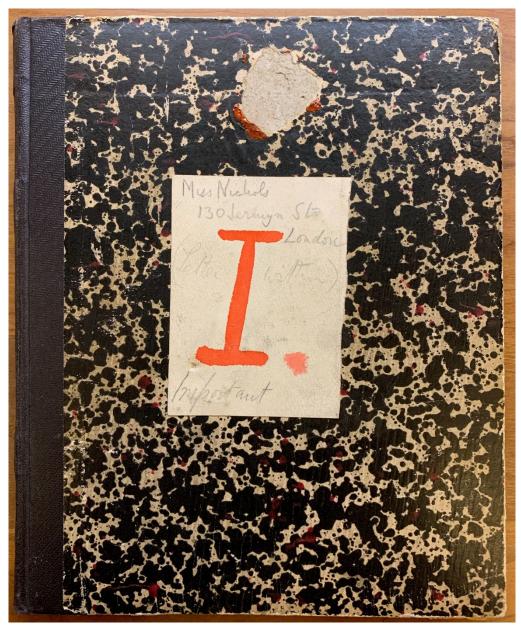


IN NOMINE BABALON





 $A \dot{\cdot} A \dot{\cdot}$ Publication in Class A.



The Vision and the Voice

Liber CDXVIII

(being the actual notebooks of the Angels of the Thirty Æthyrs)

Volume I: A Booke (30th, 29th, & miscellany) and Notebook I (28th to 19th Æthyrs)

Double struck text (example) is crossed out in the manuscript, but included on the typescript. Slashed-out text (example) is indicative of another type of edit to the manuscript that is not a simple crossout and replace.

Greyed out text (example) is pencil additions, overwrites, etc. or a correction in a different ink or writing tool than the original version.

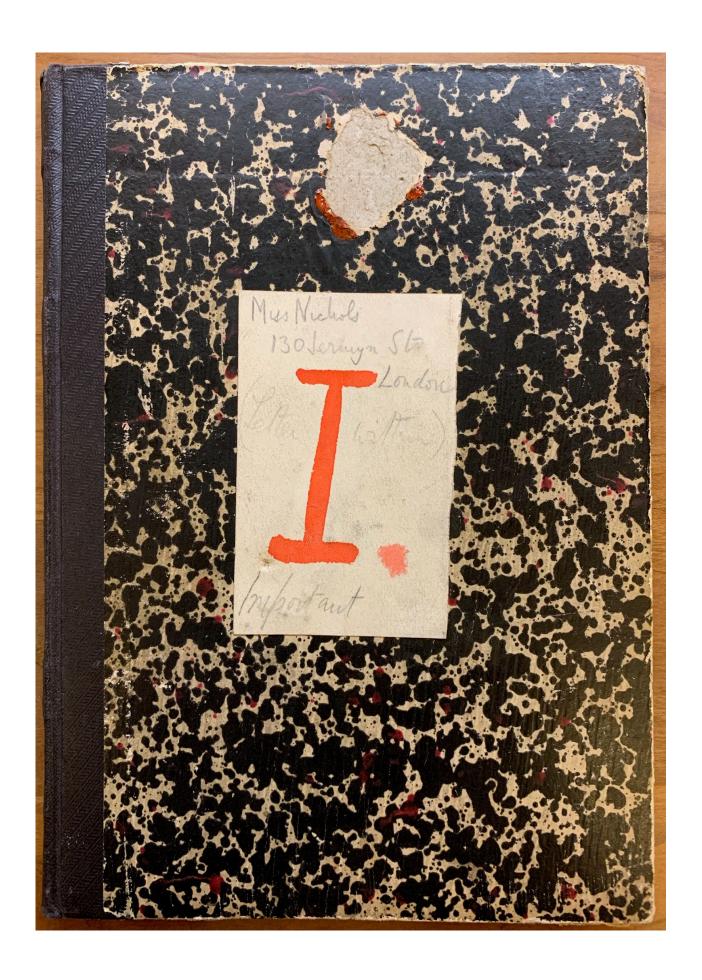
It is advisable to consult the source notebook page in these instances.

Note the Enochian Governors list at the start of this document have slight differences from those given in the Equinox; again – consult the source, Dee, the Equinox, and the Tables themselves and let the Aethyrs be your guide. In particular, the discrepancies with six versus seven letters bear attention.

This is not something to edit one way or the other – it is truly a document of our heritage.

IN NOMINE BABALON





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Rigmons Gydropt Joearzi Kataomi Jafasai Galpamb Galpamb Rang kamp Rophand Paranib Larnixp Focisni Oxlopar Vastrim magrap Parzika To to can Odraxti Gomziana Gemnimb Advorpt Dozinal gadanin Orcamir Chialps Stoas Etl Mitzind

Jaldaliorg Leralpir conangin Vallexarph Leomanas clasitom Valmolpand ul Vsnarda el Bonodol 14 MOCCODON L'Pax comb d'algars Moagnis Leacasna Mialiva Mirochi dandispi Morotans Maxxiarg Ma Japamal n Gedoons el Ambriol & Pothnir Barreca ond Labarin Cocepax Va Jedband Matdixi Siarpax Saxtomp Waraamp Carzird Wormacas Vivipos e Ooahamb Genadol Aspiaon Zainfres Lodnaon Pristac nociati Jastoko Lavacon C. Sochial

1/a OCCODON	9/a Oddiarg	
b Paxcomb	b Cralpir	
c Valgars	c Doanzin	
2/a Doagnis	10/a Lexarph	
b Pacasna	b Comanan	
c Dialiva	c Tabitom	
3/a Samaph	11/a Molpand	
b Virochi	b Vsnarda	
c Andispi	c Ponodol	
4/a Thotanf	12/a Tapamal	
b Axziarg	b Gedoons	
c Pothnir	c Ambriol	
5/a Lazdixi	13/a Gecaond	
b Nocamal	b Laparin	
c Tiarpax	c Docepax	
6/a Saxtomp	14/a Tedoard	
b Vamaamp	b Vivipos	
c Zirizird	c Ooaramb	
7/a Obmacas	15/a Tahando	
b Genadol	b Nociabi	
c Aspiaon	c Tastoxo	
8/a Zamfres	16/a Cucarpt	
b Todnaon	b Lavacon	

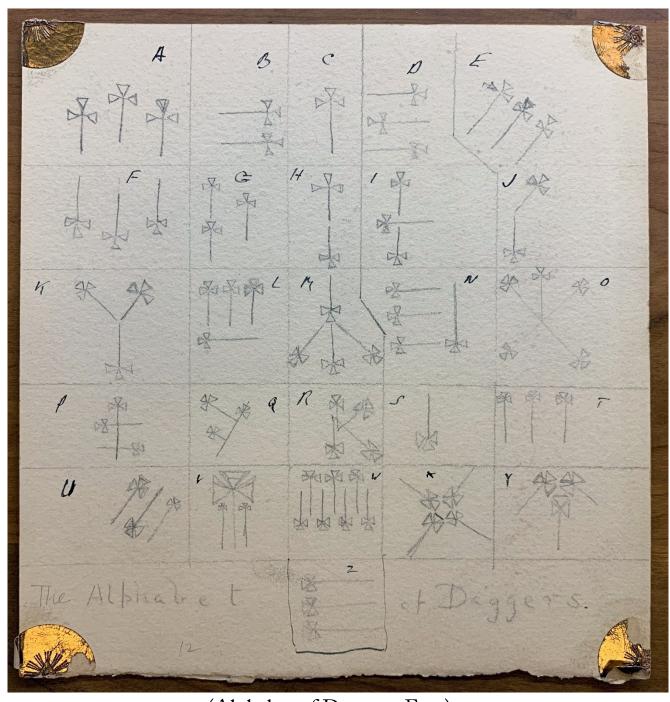
c Sochial

Pristac

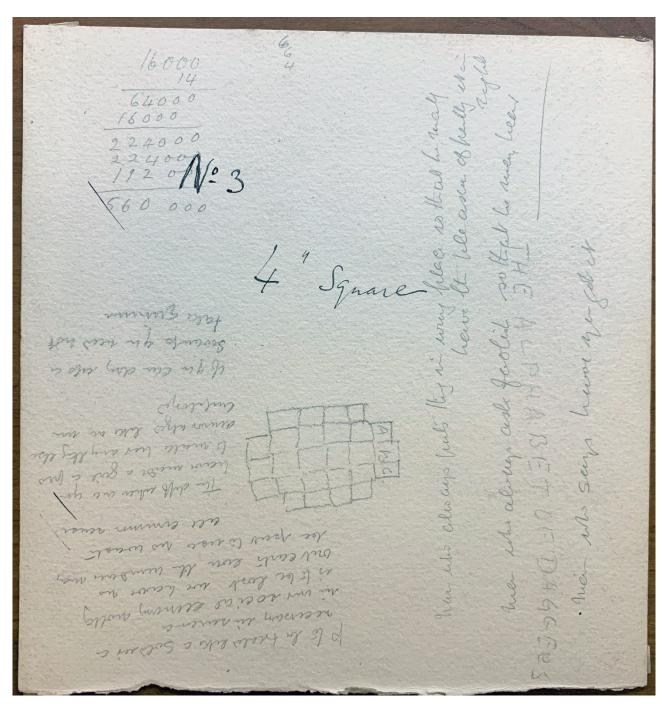
Mirgina a Sigmorf aydropt Locardi nigraria Bazchim Sagiami gafasai galbam lpamb 4 Forgoxi rpanib Omagrap Bildron Parziha Jotocan Foeisn's Dxlopa,r Chirspa Toantom Tixpalg Ozidaia Parvoan Carroan n 32 am 3/a/ Lao algla advorpt a 2 3 i rg ogina ongizimp gatanin Orcami Ghiarps Soagesk

- 17/a Sigmorf
 - b Aydropt
 - c Tocarzi
- 18/a Nabaomi
 - b Zafasai
 - c Yalpamb
- 19/a Torzoxi
 - b Abaion
 - c Omagrap
- 20/a Zildron
 - b Parziha
 - c Totocan
- 21/a Chirspa
- b Toantom
- c Vixpalg
- 22/a Ozidaia
- b Paraoan
- c Calzirg
- 23/a Ronoamb
- b Onzizimp
- c Zaxanin
- 24/a Orcamir
- b Chialps
- c Soageel

- 25/a Mirzina
- 26 b Obuaors
 - c Ranglam
- 26/a Pophand
 - b Nigrana
 - c Bazchim
- 27/a Saziami
 - b Mathvla
 - c Ovpanib
- 28/a Labnixp
 - b Focisni
 - c Oxlopar
- 29/a Vastrim
 - b Odraxti
 - c Gomziam
- 30/a Taongla
 - b Gemnimb
 - c Advorpt
 - d Dozinal

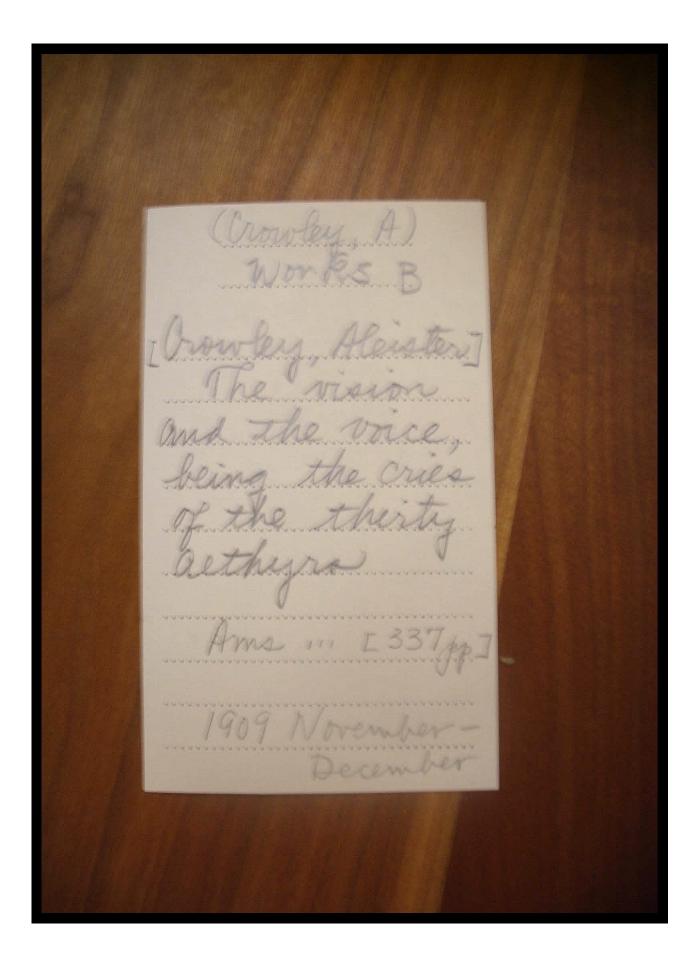


(Alphabet of Daggers, Fore)



(Alphabet of Daggers, Reverse)

A Booke Contayninge Surely & Dues Matters Human & Divine A Booke
contayninge
Sundry &
Divers
Matters
Human & Divine



(Crowley, A) Works B

[Crowley, Aleister]
The vision
and the voice,
being the cries
of the thirty
aethyrs

Ams ... [337 pp]

1909 November – December

The Mayum Mis The Viscon and the Voice. The cry of the thirtieth or Immost Aire or Aethyr. 1710 I am in a vast crystal cube in She form of the Great God Has po - crates. This cube is surrounded by a sphere. About me are four archangels in black whes, Hei wings etc lined out in white tu the North is a book on whose back & front are ZEVP Within it is written.



The Magician 6:5

The Vision and the Voice.

The cry of the thirtieth or Inmost Aire or Æthyr.



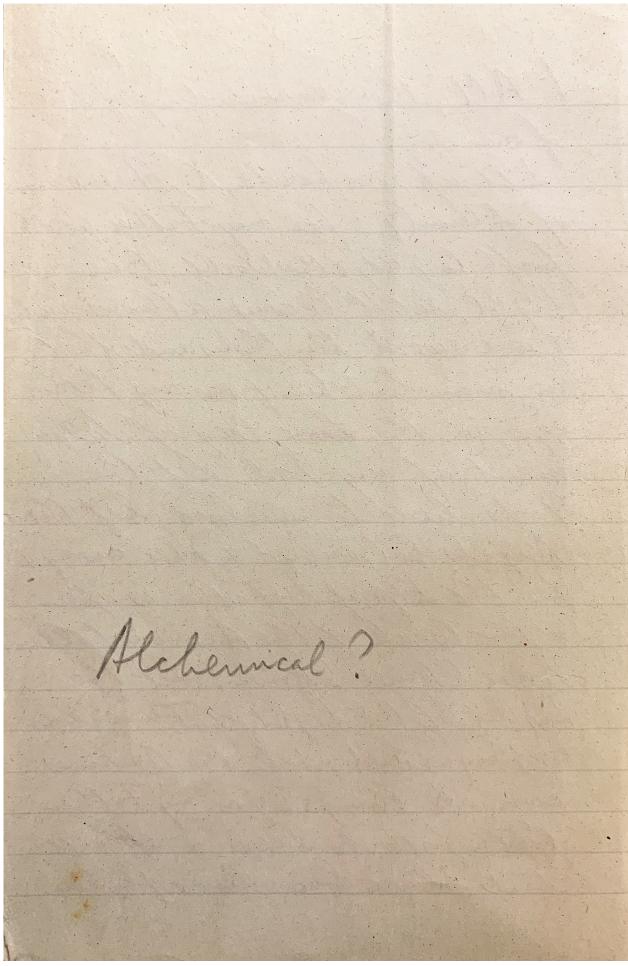
I am in a vast crystal cube in the form of the Great God Harpocrates. This cube is surrounded by a sphere. About me are four archangels in black robes, their wings etc lined out in white. In the North is a book on whose back & front are \$ & & P

Within it is written:

I AM, the surrounding of the four. Lift-up your heads, 6 Houses of Eternty: for my Father goeth forth to judgetheldorld. One Light, let it become a thousand I one sword ten thousand that no man lide him from my fathers eye in the the Day of Judg ment of my god. Let the Tods hide Heuselves: let the Angels be troubled & flee away. for the Eye of My Father is open & the Book of the Alors is fallen. Arise! Arise! Let the Light of the Light of Twie be Eschiquished. let the Darkness cover all flings: for my tather goeth forth to seek a spouse to replace her who is fallen

I AM, the surrounding of the four.

Lift up your heads, O Houses of Eternity: for my Father goeth forth to judge the World. One Light, let it become a thousand & one sword ten thousand that no man hide him from my father's eye in the Last Day of Judgment of my God. Let the Gods hide themselves: let the Angels be troubled & flee away: for the Eye of My Father is open & the Book of the Æons is fallen. Arise! Arise! Let the Light of the Sight of Time be extinguished: let the Darkness cover all things: for my Father goeth forth to seek a spouse to replace her who is fallen



Alchemical?

of defiled. Seal the book with the seals of the Stars Concealed: the eyer fragther is opliced for the River have rushed together & the Name 17 199 is broken in a thousand pieces (against the Cubic Stone!) Tremble ge, O Pillais of the Universe, for Ltemity is in Fravail of a Terrible Child she shall ling forth an universe of Darkness, whence shall leap forth a spark that Shall put his father toflight. The O'belishs are broken . The Stars have rushed together: the Light beth flunged wito the Abyss: The Heavens are misceel with Hell.

& defiled.

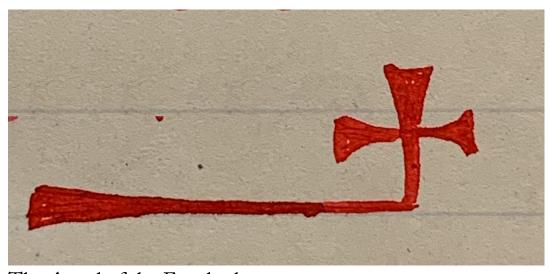
Seal the book with the seals of the Stars Concealed: for the eye of my father is opened for the Rivers have rushed together & the Name יהוה is broken in a thousand pieces (against the Cubic Stone. ?) Tremble ye, O Pillars of the Universe, for Eternity is in travail of a Terrible Child; she shall bring forth an universe of Darkness, whence shall leap forth a spark that shall put his father to flight. The Obelisks are broken; the stars have rushed together: the Light hath plunged into the Abyss: the Heavens are mixed with Hell.

My Falher shall not been their Noise: his ears are closed: bis eyes are covered with the clouds of Night. The End! the End! the End! For the Eye of Shierce He hath opened: the Universe is naked before Him: for the Heon of Sature is suded leaveth toward the Bosom of the. Death. The Angel of the East hath a book of red witten in letter of Blue FUTE The Book grows & before my eyes & fillette the Whole Heaven. William: It is Written, Thou shall not tempt the Lordthy God"

My Father shall not hear their Noise: his ears are closed: his eyes are covered with the clouds of Night.

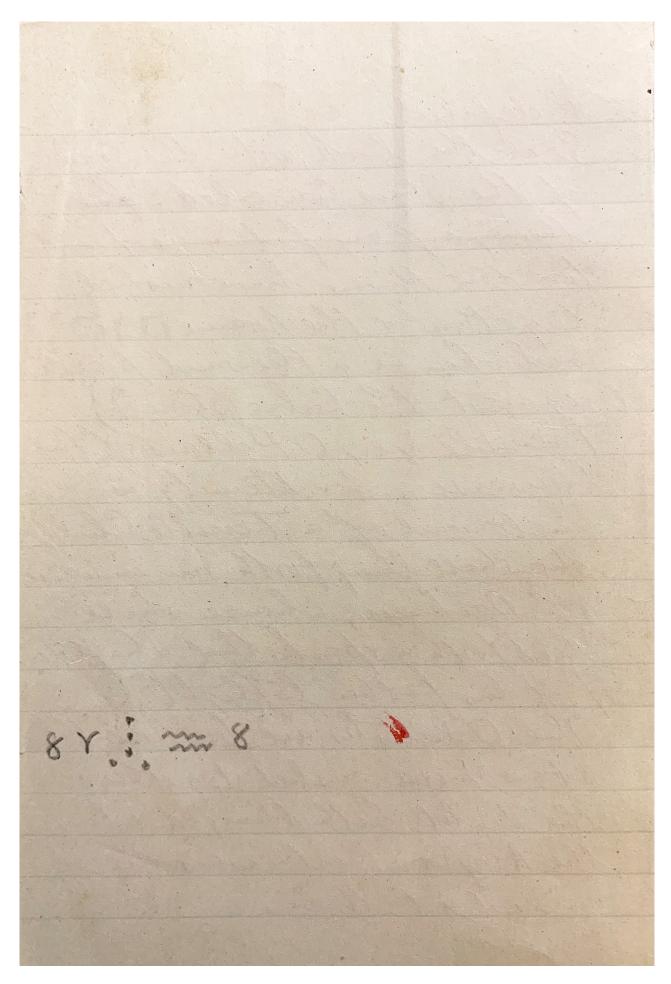
The End! the End! the End!

For the Eye of Shiva He hath opened: the Universe is naked before Him: for the Æon of Saturn is ended leaneth toward the Bosom of Love Death.



The Angel of the East hath a book of red written in letters of Blue ***V*E** The Book grows before my eyes & filleth the Whole Heaven.

Within: "It is Written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God."

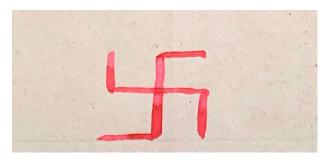


I see above the Book on goet multitude of white-whed Ones from whom droppeth a great rain of Blood but above them is a Yolden Sun having an Eye, whence a great Light. I haved me to the South : and read thetrem: Seal up the Book! Speak not that which thou seest & reveal it unto none : for the Ear is not framed that shall bear it: nor the tongue sa that can speak it! 6 Lord God, blessed blessed blessed be Thou for aver! Thy Shadow is as great Light Thy Name is as the Breath of Love across all Worlds.

I see above the Book a regreat multitude of white-robed Ones from whom droppeth a great rain of Blood: but above them is a Golden Sun, having an Eye, whence a great Light.

I turned me to the South: and read therein:
Seal up the Book! Speak not that which thou seest & reveal it unto none: for the ear is not framed that shall hear it: nor the tongue sh that can speak it!
O Lord God, blessed, blessed, blessed be Thou for ever!
Thy Shadow is as great Light.
Thy Name is as the Breath of Love across all Worlds.

I Avast Svastika is shewn unto me behind the Ang el with the Book.] Rend your gaments, o ge clouds! Unaver yourselves! for the Love of My Son! Who are they that fromble thee? Who are they that slew thee? O Light! Come thon, who art joined with me to bruise the Dragoris Head. We, who are wedded , The Earth percewellh it not! 6 that Our Bed were seen of Men, that they might rejorice in My Ferfilety: that they sister might partake of My Great diglet. 6 Light of God what will thou find the heart of man -



[Avast Svastika is shewn unto me behind the Angel with the Book.]
Rend your garments, o ye clouds!
Uncover yourselves! for the
Love of My Son!
Who are they that trouble thee?
Who are they that slew thee?
O Light! Come thou, who art
Joined with me to bruise the
Dragon's Head. We, who are
wedded, & the Earth perceivedth
it not!

O that Our Bed were seen of Men, that they might rejoice in My Fertility: that My Sister might partake of My Great Light.

O Light of God, when wilt thou find the heart of man –

write not! would not that men know the Sorrow of my Heart, Amen! / huned me to the west, and the Archangel bore a flaming Book, on which was written 73 Willia was da aun a freig scorpion, yet cold withal Chitil the Book of the East be opened! Unitil the how Sound! Until the Voice vibrate! antil it pierce my Depth! Look not on High. Look not Beweath! For them wilt find a life which is as Depth a Death which should be infinite,

write not! I would not that men know the Sorrow of my Heart-, Amen!

I turned me to the West, and the Archangel bore a flaming Book, on which was written

Within was drawn a fiery scorpion, yet cold withal.

Until the Book of the East be opened!
Until the hour sound!
Until the Voice vibrate!
Until it pierce my Depth!
Look not on High!
Look not Beneath!

For thou wilt find a life which is as Depath: or a Death which should be infinite.

for thou and submitted to the Four: Five thou shall find, but Seven in far 8 lone. 6 Lord God, let Thy Spuit bither unto me! For law lost in the night of infinite pain: no hope: no Tod: no resurrection: no lud: / fall: / flar. O Savious of the World, bruise Thou my Head with Thy foot to save the world, that once again I touch Him whom I slew that in my death fell the radiance of the heat of the moving of Let as above! What have we to do with Thee, There Servisof Nayarette?

For Thou art submitted to the Four: Five thou shalt find, but Seven is far & lone & far. O Lord God, let Thy Spirit hither unto me!

For I am lost in the night of infinite pain: no hope: no God: no resurrection: no end: I fall: I fear.

O Saviour of the World, bruise
Thou my Head with Thy foot
to save the world, that once again
I touch Him whom I slew, that
in my death I feel the radiance
& the heat of the moving of
Thy Robes!
Let us alone! What have we
to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of
Nazareth?

Note the correct Astronomical Symbolism of this passage Nephthys - Earth

Note the correct Astronomical symbolism of this passage.

Nepythys-Earth

90 ! 90! If I keep silence -6r/f/speak lach word is anguist without loope. -And I heard the Althy v cuy alond "Refum! Return! Return 1 For the Work is luded & the Book is Shut I let the glory be to God the Blessed for aver in the Heons, Amen" Thus far is the Voice of J. and No More.

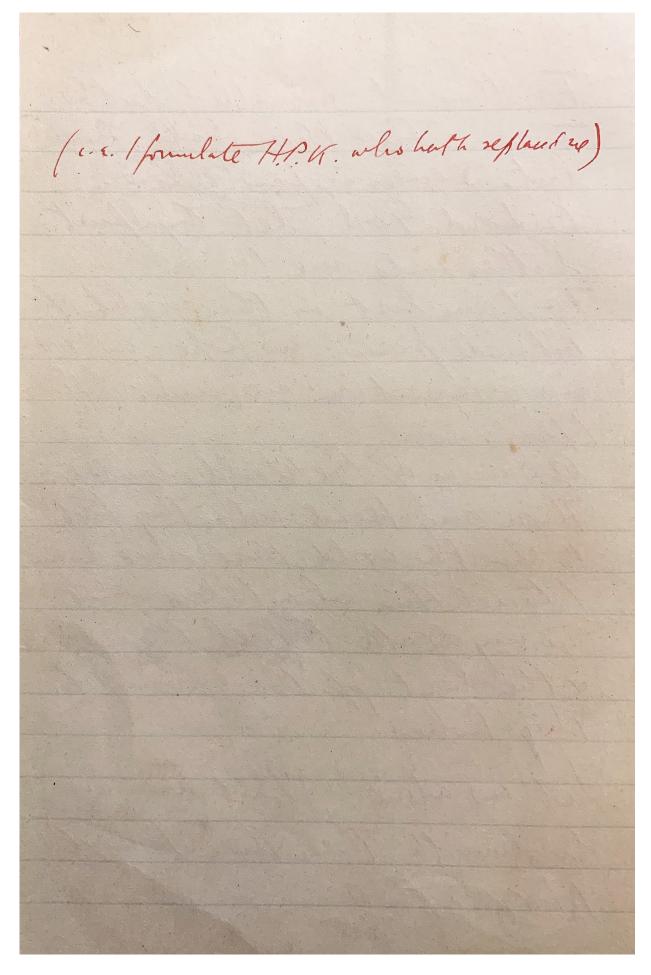
Go! Go!

If I keep silence—

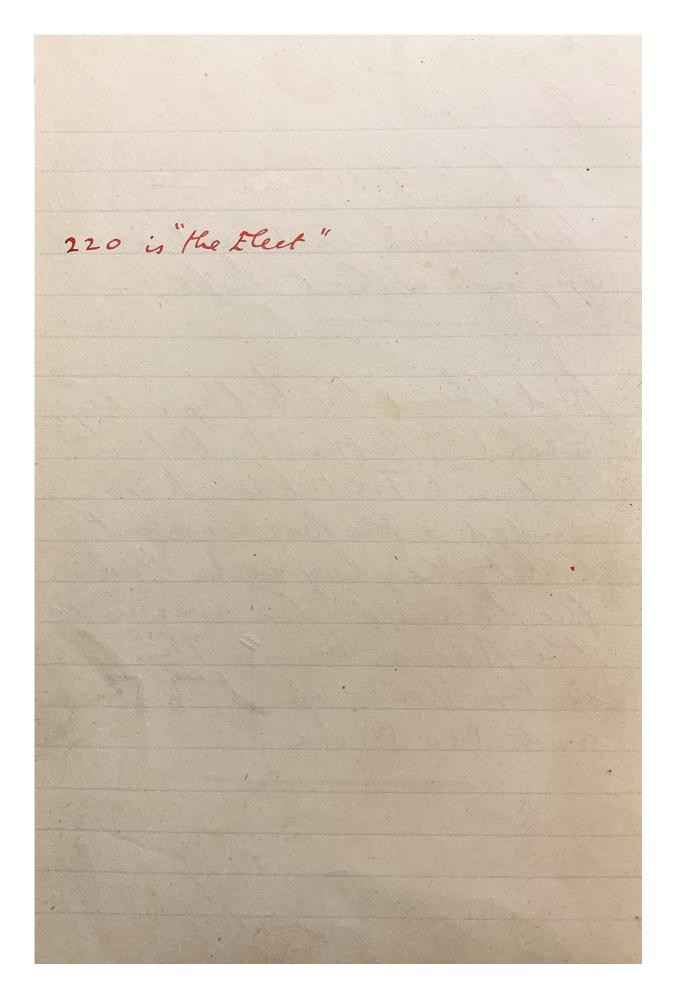
Or if I speak each word is anguish without hope.—

And I heard the Æthyr cry aloud "Return! Return! Return! Return! Return! For the Work is ended & the Book is shut & let the glory be to God the Blessed for ever in the Æons, Amen." Thus far is the voice of 🖍 Tr and No More.

8 ma = Day: he suffered: fish But AN is in Hebrew Pain x is of Adom * Failure re



(i.e. I formulate H.P.K. who hath replaced me)



220 is "the Elect"

The Cry of the Iwenty and Ninth Aire or Aethyr. C77. The sky appears covered with stars of gold, the background is of green. But the impression is also of darkness. An vinnense eagle-augel is before me. His wings seem to hide all the Heaven. He culd aloud, saying: The Voice of the Lord upor the Waters. The Terror of God upon Markeid: the Voice of the Lord maketh the Shies to tremble. The Stars are Frombled. The Aires fall. The First Voice Speaketh & Saith: Cursel. Cursed be the Earth, for her



The cry of the Twenty and Ninth Aire or Æthyr.

877.

The sky appears covered with stars of gold, the background is of green.

But the impression is also of darkness.

An immense eagle-angel is before me. His wings seem to hide all the Heaven.

He cried aloud saying: The Voice of the Lord upon the Waters: the Terror of God upon Mankind: the Voice of the Lord maketh the Skies to tremble: the Stars are troubled: the Aires fall. The First Voice Speaketh & Saith: Cursed, cursed be the Earth, for her

I niquity is great, 6h Lord let Thy Afracy be lost with great Deep! 6 pen think ayes of Flame & Light, Ogod, upon the Wichel! Lighten Think Eyes! The Clamour of Thy Voice, let it suite down the . Mountains! Let us not see it! Cover we our eyes, lest we see the End of Man Close we our ages, lest we bear the cry of Woman. Let none speak of it. let none write it! I am troubled my ayes age moist with dews. of terror: Surely the Betterness of Death is past. And I huned me to the South & 6! Iniquity is great. Oh Lord! let
Thy Grace Mercy be lost in the Great
Deep! Open thine eyes of
Flame & Light, O God, upon
the Wicked! Lighten thine
Eyes! The Clamour of Thy
Voice, let it smite down the
Mountains!
Let us not see it! Cover we our

eyes, lest we see the End of Man.

Close we our ears, lest we hear the cry of Woman.

Let none speak of it: let none write it: I, I am troubled my eyes are moist with dews of terror: surely the Bitterness of Death is past.

And I turned me to the South & lo!

a great Lion as wounded & perplesced. He cued: I have conquered! Let the Sous of Earth heep silence for my Name is become as That of Death! When will men leave the Mysteries of Creation? How much more those of the Dissolution of the Pang of Fire)? I Funed me to the West & there was a Great Bull; While, with hours of White & Black & Gold His mouth was scarlet & his ey es as Sapphine stones. With a great sword he show the shis as under, & amid the Silver flashes of the steel. grew lightings o deepclouds

a great Lion as wounded & perplexed.

He cried: I have conquered!

Let the Sons of Earth keep silence!

for my Name is become as That

of Death!

When will men learn the
Mysteries of Creation?
How much more those of the
Dissolution (& the Pang of Fire)?

I turned me to the West & there was a Great Bull; White, with horns of White & Black & Gold His mouth was scarlet & his eyes as Sapphire stones. With a great sword he shore the skies asunder, & amid the silver flashes of the steel grew lightnings & deep clouds

of Judigo. He spake: It is finestred! My mobble hath unveiled hereself! My sister hath violated herself! The Life of Things hath disclosed its mystery. The Work of the Moon is done! Motion is anded for ever! Clipped are the rag les wrings: but my Swoulders have not lost Pheir Strength Heard a Treat Voice from alove crying: Thou liest! For the Volatile hath indeed fixed itself; but it hath arisen above thy sight. The World is desert. but the Advodes of fle House of my father are

of Indigo.

He spake: It is finished!

My mother hath unveiled

herself!

My sister hath violated herself!

The life of things hath

disclosed its Mystery.

The work of the Moon is done!

Motion is ended for ever!

Clipped are the eagle's wings:

but my Shoulders have not

lost their strength -

I heard a Great Voice from above crying: Thou liest! For the Volatile hath indeed fixed itself; but it hath arisen

above thy sight. The World is

desert: but the Abodes of

the House of my Father are

peopled of His Thurse is (consted over with white Billing Stais; a lustre of hight glus. /4 the Worth is a Man upon a I vent Hase, having a Sconge & Balances in his hand (6r a long Spear glitters at his back or in his hand) He is clothed in black allet & his face is stem or terrible. He spake saying: I have judged! It is the and : the gate of the beginning. Look in the Beneath & thou shalf see a new world! I looked a saw a great abyss of a dark frumel of whirling waters, or fixed airs, wherein

peopled & His Throne is crusted over with white Brilliant Stars; a lustre of bright gems.

In the North is a Man upon a Great Horse, having a Scourge & Balances in his hand

(or a long spear glitters at his back or in his hand). He is clothed in black velvet & his face is stern & terrible.

He spake saying: I have judged!
It is the end: the gate of the
beginning. Look in the
Beneath & thou shalt see
a new world!

I looked & saw a great abyss & a dark funnel of whirling waters, or fixed airs, wherein

were citres, o monsters, & trees, & atoms, & mountains, & little flames (being souls) & all the material of an universe. And all are suched down one by one, as necessity hath ordained , For below is a glittering jewelled globe of gold & ayure, Sel in a World of Stars. Hud there came a Voice from the Abyss, saying: Thou Seest the Eurent of Destring! Caust thou change one atom in its fath! law Destring, and can change my with Dost then think to control me? for Who can move my will ? ! And there falleth a thurcdestalt therein: a catastrophe of aschlosion: & all is shaltered

were cities, & monsters, & trees, & atoms, & mountains, & little flames (being souls) & all the material of an universe. And all are sucked down one by one, as necessity hath ordained. For below is a glittering jewelled globe of gold & azure, set in a World of Stars. And there came a Voice from the Abyss, saying: "Thou seest the Current of Destiny! Canst thou change one atom in its path? I am Destiny, & none ean change move my Will. Dost thou think to control me? for who can move my Will? course" And there falleth a thunderbolt therein: a catastrophe of explosion: & all is shattered.

And I saw above me a fast Hun reach down dark a temble and a voice cried. I AM ETERNITY. And a great mingled cry arose: No! No! No! All is changed: all is confounder nought is ordered: The white is stained with blood. The black is kissed of the Christ! Keture! Return! It is a new chaos that then findest here: Chaos for thee: for us it is the skeleton of a New Truth!" I said . Tell me Phis buth por A chave conjuned ge by the Nighty Names of God, which ye cannot but obey.

And I saw above me a Vast Arm reach down, dark & terrible, & a voice cried: I AM ETERNITY.

And a great mingled cry

arose: "No! No! No!

All is changed; all is confounded

nought is ordered: the white

is stained with blood: the

black is kissed of the Christ!

Return! It is a

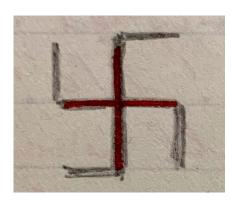
new chaos that thou findest

here: chaos for thee: for

us it is the skeleton of a New Truth!"

I said: Tell me this truth: for # I have conjured ye by the Mighty Names of God, the which ye cannot but obey.

Lochante LVX Coves in Soastika is probably the Areaum here connoted, This Cross on of square adds to 65 Adorai, Showe, Gloried, ha - Gekal HS = keep silence So. itself adds to 23/=04/+2+ -- +21. The cubical Svastika regarded as composed of this WX cross & the arms has a total of 78 faces - AFT x Mayle.



Footnote

LVX Cross in

Svastika is probably
the Arcanum here connoted.

This Cross on F square adds to 65
Adonai, Shone, Gloried, ha-Yekal
HS=keep silence
So itself adds to 231 = 0+1+2+---+ 21. The 21 Keys
The cubical Svastika regarded as
composed of this LVX cross & the arms
has a total of 78 faces - APA & Mezla.

The Voice Said: Light is consumed, as a child in the Womb of its Nother to develop itself anew. But pain & sorrow, & darkness are in whed. For this child riseth up within his Mother & dolh crucify himself within her bosom. He astendeth his ams in the arms of his Mother & the Light becometh fivefold Lux in Luce Christus in Cruce Deo Duce Sempiterno Hultar landes Corain claudis Mili cordis A Deo my And be the glory for ever

The Voice said:

Light is consumed, as a child in the Womb of its Mother to develop itself anew. But pain & sorrow infinite & darkness are invoked. For this child riseth up within his Mother & doth crucify himself within her bosom. He extendeth his arms in the arms of his Mother & the Light becometh fivefold.

Lux in Luce,

Christus in Cruce;

Deo Duce

Sempiterno.

Multae laudis

Coram claudis

Milis cordis

A Deo

And be the glory for ever

and aver unto the Most High God, Amera! Then I refused within my body, giving glory unto the Lord of Light & of the Darkuess In Saecula Saeculorum Arnen! Lou composing my self to sleep, I was shewn an antremely brilliant T in the Character 7 of the Passing of the River, in am egg of white light. And I take this as the best of omens. The letter was astrowely irvid. & indeed apparently playsical. November 17, 1900 Die 7

and ever unto the Most High God, Amen!

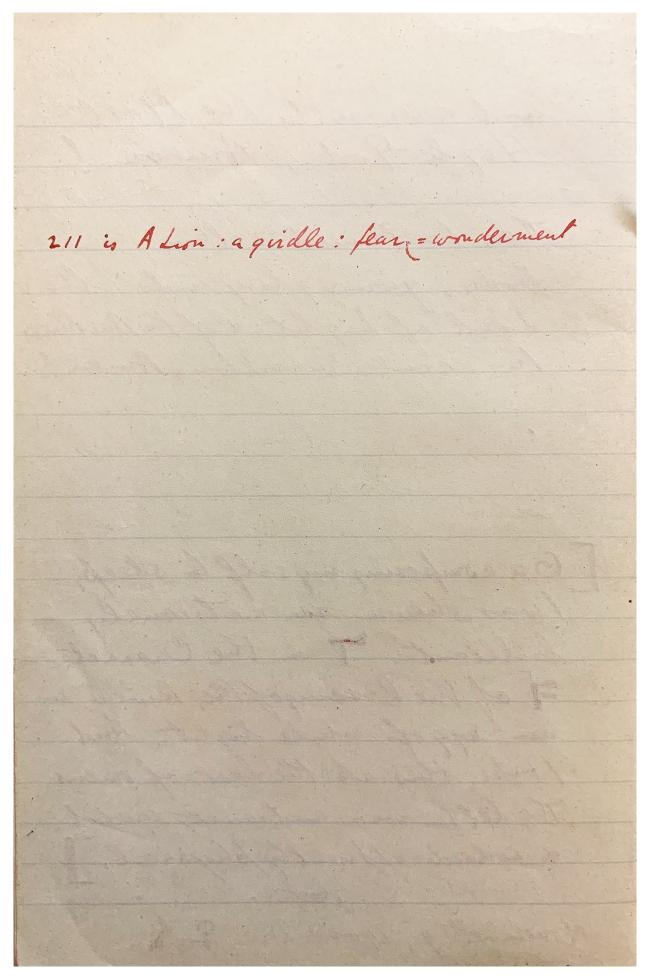
Then I returned within my body, giving glory unto the Lord of Light & of the Darkness In Sæcula Sæculorum. Amen!

[On composing myself to sleep, I was shewn an extremely brilliant ¬ in the Character

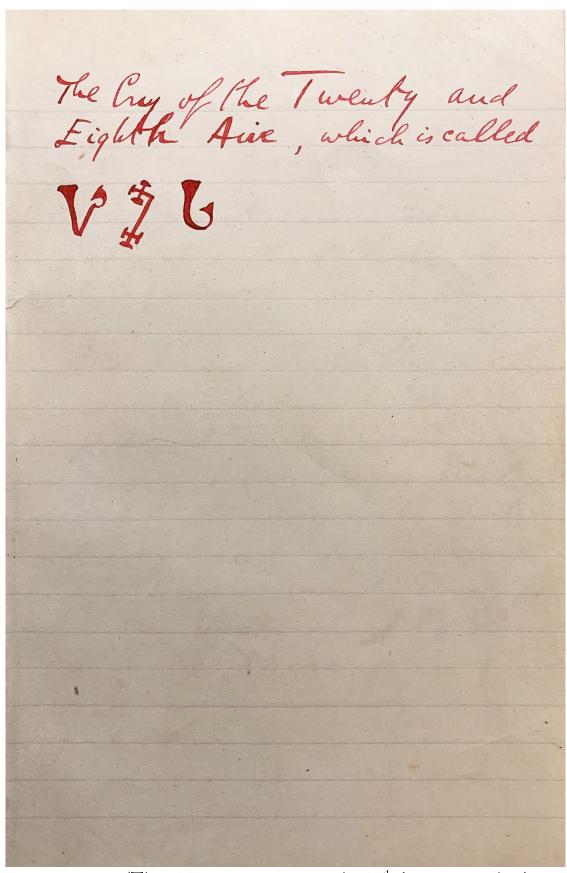
of the Passing of the River, in an egg of white light. And

I take this as the best of omens. The letter was extremely vivid & indeed apparently physical.] almost a Dhyana.

November 17, 1900, Die ♀

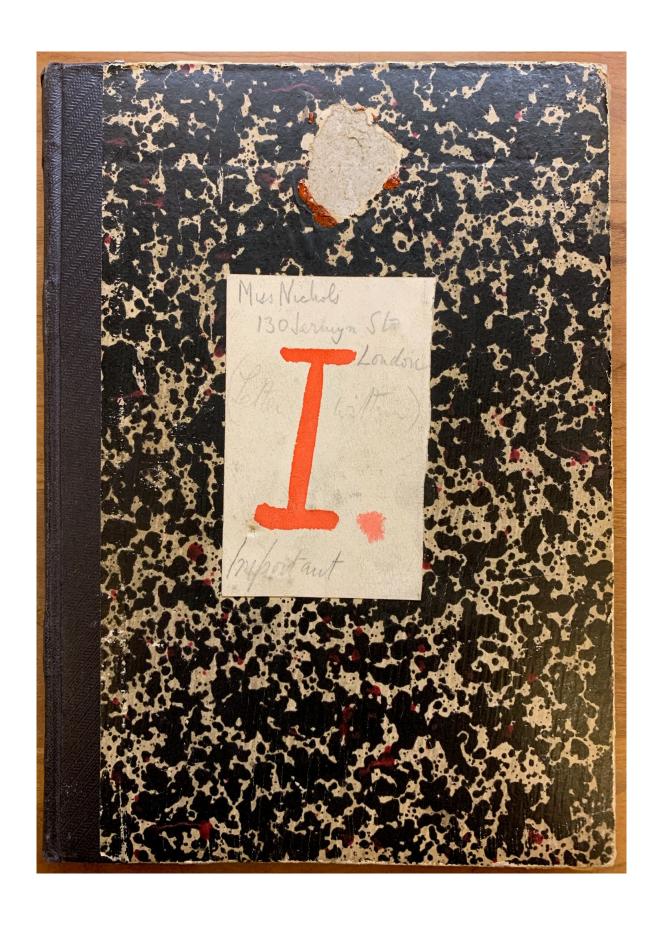


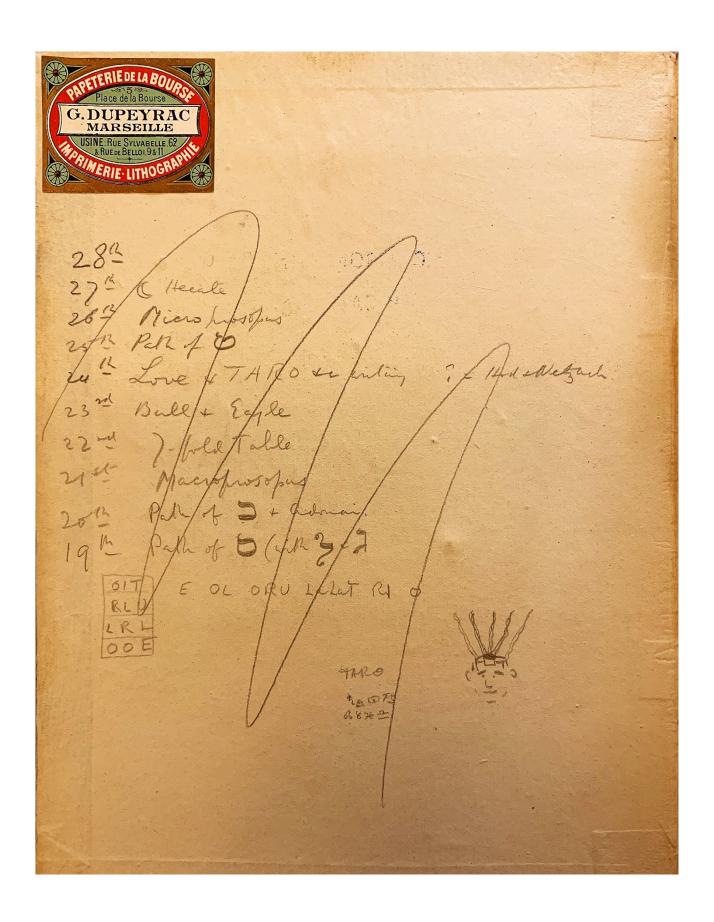
211 is A Lion : a girdle : fear = wonderment



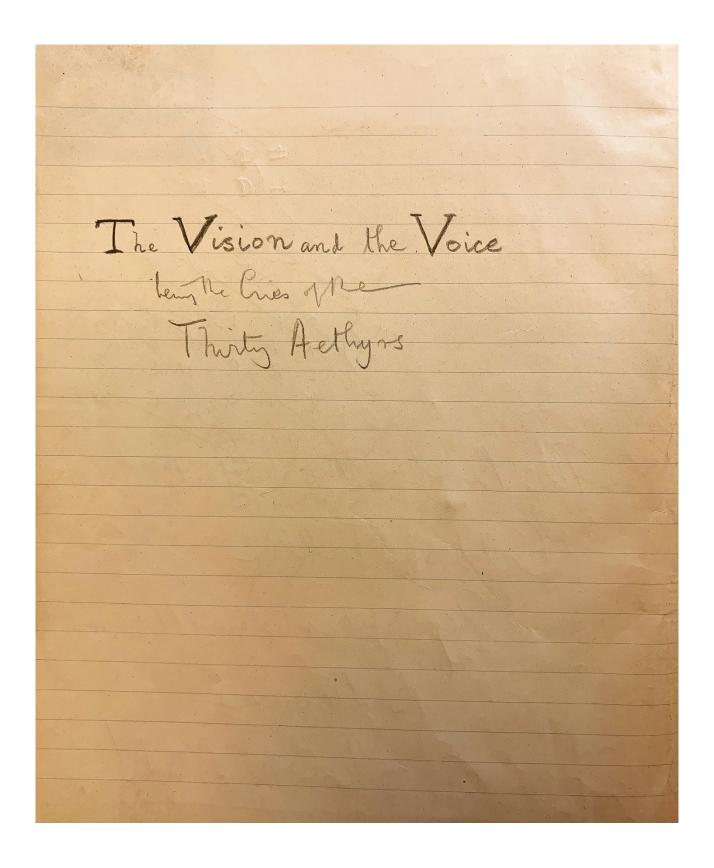
(The 1900 attempt to enter the 28th Aire, incomplete)

The Cry of the Twenty and Eighth Aire, which is called **V\$5**





This Book is the property of 89 Oversteand Mansins Battersea LONDON



The Vision and the Voice being the Cries of the Thirty Aethyrs

towaring the hort ashigs: -Me tellision of the 29 d. + 30 d. feety rs were

give to me in allexico in Vigor, r (au wor

trying to get the rest. It is to be remarked

that he last 3 acts rs have to anyels

attributed to them, r they therefore represent le 10 Septemon. Jet lese 10 for but 1, a healked-pertant to the west 3, t so oh, Each set beig, as it ware, absorbed is he higher. The last set corsists, Kenfon, of he first 3 och 15 with he remaining 27 as the ar their Malkert. And he letters of the first 3 ach is an he ky-sigils of he wort rather in protection of the Septemble. I is then fore Kether; In askwal + Brial: A, Chesco; IV. Sobural; R. Tiplered; Z. Netsae; N. Hodi D. Just.

Concerning the Thirty Aethyrs:-

The the Visions of the 29th & 30th Aethyrs were given to me in Mexico in August 1900, & I am now trying to get the rest. It is to be remarked 23.4.9 that the last 3 aethyrs have 10 angels attributed to them, & they therefore represent the 10 Sepiroth. Yet these 10 form but 1, a Malkuth-pendant to the next 3, & so on. Each set being, as it were, absorbed in the higher. The last set consists, therefore, of the first 3 aethyrs with the remaining 27 as they as their Malkuth. And the letters of the first 3 aethyrs are the key-sigils of the most exalted interpretation of the Sephiroth.

I is therefore Kether;

L, Chokmah and Binah;

A, Chesed;

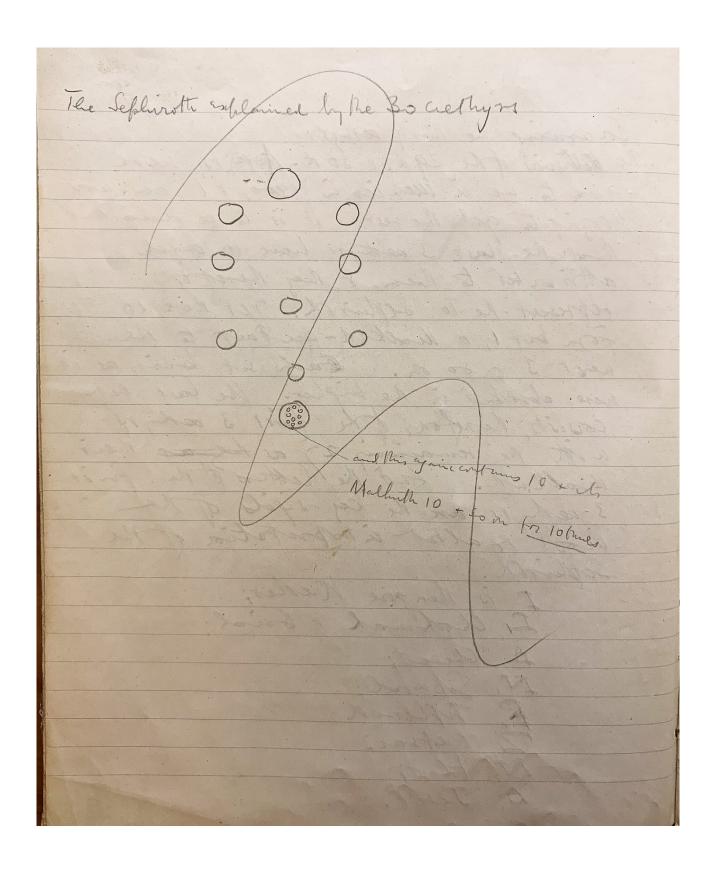
N, Geburah;

R, Tiphareth;

z, Netzach;

N, Hod;

O, Yesod.



Me Geoma tei conspordence

Arte Enodicia alphabet fora a trolline

Connectory

Note that he total argel of

Ne ach is are 91, he momeration

A Amen.

The geomantic correspondences of the Enochian alphabet form a sublime commentary.

Note that the total angels of the Aethyrs are 91, the numeration of Amen.

The Viscon aut the Voice. The Con Athe 28th Aerlyn, which is called BAG. Mese comest on Ayel it he of the with spacecent, shining garments like a whell of fire on every side of him, I is his hand is a long flail of Scalet lightning; his face is black, to his ege white, without any tipil or to look upour. bor i flort of him is a whell with way stokes, to way type; it like a fence in front of Crim, the cries: O Man who art thou that wouldst some - trate he lysky for it is his dec anto he End of Cine. And I ausuer hin: Time is att, some in Re farkres of ther womb by whom End came. And now he aliel His farment is blook bacon



The Vision and the Voice.

The Cry of the 28th Æthyr, which is called BAG.

There cometh an Angel into the stone with opalescent shining garments like a wheel of fire on every side of him, & in his hand is a long flail of scarlet lightning; his face is black, & his eyes white, without any pupil or iris. The face is very terrible indeed to look upon. Now in front of him is a wheel, with many spokes, & many tyres; it is like a fence in front of him, & he cries: O man, who art thou that wouldst pene--trate the Mystery, for it is hidden unto the End of Time. And I answer him: Time is not, save in the darkness of Her womb by whom Evil came. And now the wheel breaks away, & I see him as he is. His garment is black beneath

he fol weils but it is land with algit, The has he thing sell fa fil t las mos anys of block t alite feathers, t immerable little legs i things Whe a compress, the breats are with the ascorpion. He breats are with the order to the with the ories: o that who hat bibbes down he veil, Russer those art hat also comes! Where I am must be scarced to hay sonows! And I an der the Atter by whom came First. the light of their breat, I herein is a jewel. It is a supplied --ejg + Reser i gracer di But there is only of uniting on the store, can

with white, & he has the shining
belly of a fish, & enormous wings
of black & white feathers, &
innumerable little legs & claws
like a centipede, & a long tail
like a scorpion. The breasts are
human, but they are all scored
with blood, & he cries: O thou
who hast broken down the veil,
knowest thou not that who cometh
where I am must be scarred by
many sorrows? And I answer
him: Sorrow is not, save in the darkness of the womb
of Her by whom came Evil.

I pierce the Mystery of Hhis breast, & therein is a jewel. It is a sapphire as great as an ostrich-egg, & thereon is graven this sigil:

But there is also

much writing on the stone, very

winte Characher, comet. Art (Caund that hem. He fouts with this flail to be sapplise, aduit it as ortribe him, t Disser ha hunself; the one:

Hail! anster of the sate of

Frail hay chokument of he

tight hay from hy left; for

in he soo of my Faster is a

got with dapet haufs, alresen got with dapid hauts, aleven he both he aminorse, conduct it is he hat he who knows to Houl as he hee who knows to for in the acoust my factor here is but as light. Kail auto hee who knows to sor hy sight wo his from hy lifty for i he as or of my factor him is weither who knows to wor hy sight ear. The bother here is weither Sound not sileace to allow minute characters carved. And I cannot read them. He points with his flail to the sapphire, which is now outside him, & bigger than himself; & he cries: Hail! warden of the Gates of Eternity, who knowest not thy right hand from thy left, for in the æon of my Father is a god with clasped hands, wherein he holdeth the universe, crushing it into the dust that ye call stars. Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right eye from thy left, for in the æon of my Father there is but one light. Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right nostril from thy left, for in the æon of my Father there is neither life nor death. Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right ear from thy left; for in the æon of my Father there is neither sound nor silence, & whoso

Last forest break fee his sopphise stre stalk training tak of a ster-deplicate training tak of a ster-of theat + if a whose back are costle them cartles abid ye could the world-toners of the Cui us se let me Doell in Searce within the breast of the Appel that is and a file act, Let work the share of my thesher be unviled. It art be per to shawe hat best among the like That are begond he stars. O wan,
that must ever be offering, after
aill his leagn to seal up the
ungshies of the creation to
fold hyself over by suffice a a
rose is the embrace of might

But his west that wind out to
the fun of the wind out to the fetal from thee, the box was to the fact it to the Fact A his. fruer + Arner.

hath power to break open this sapphire stone shall find therein four elephants having tusks of mother--of-pearl, & upon whose backs are castles, those castles which ye call the watch-towers of the Universe. Let me dwell in peace within the breast of the Angel that is warden of the æthyr. Let not the shame of my Mother be unveiled. Let not her be put to shame that lieth among the lilies that are beyond the stars. O man, that must ever be opening, when wilt thou learn to seal up the mysteries of the creation? to fold thyself over thyself as a rose in the embrace of night? But thou must play the wanton to the sun, & the wind must tear thy petals from thee, & the bee must rob thee of thy honey, & thou must fall into the dusk of things.

Amen & Amen.

Verily he lifer is his her ken;
Mentore be who with lives the
is like unt he lifer bur hete
offert Myself; how out the
unb he farkners hot brites!
He bell The Ment goodes. x OLAHO VIRUDEN MAKORELA 2001REDA! ON PIREDA EXENT--AJER; ARBA PIRE SAH SAHA SAKAL SAHALANA VO ABRA NA SAHA VELUCORSAPAX. Art le voie of the acor conit: Return teturn, teturn, le true submet the space gapet, the voice of their list is, and to shall be crowned rather in the throat the unifer of a good of eld. The cant wor fast by me, supt the han he my stry the worst of Me aless. Too the and I suffer

Verily the light is hidden, therefore he who hideth himself is like unto the light, but thou openest thyself; thou art like unto the darkness that bindeth the belly of the great goddess.^x

OLAHO VIRUDEN MAHORELA ZODIREDA! ON PIREDA EXENT--ASER; ARBA PIRE GAH GAHA GAHAL GAHALANA VO ABRA NA GAHA VELUCORSAPAX.

And the voice of the æon cried: Return, return, return, return, the time sickeneth, & the space gapeth, & the voice of Him that is, was & shall be crowned rattles in the throat of the mighty dragon of eld. Thou canst not pass by me, except thou have the mystery of the word of the abyss.

Now the angel putteth

× Note. In the light of the Cry of LOE, this

x Note. In the light of the Cry of LOE, this passage seems to mean almost precisely the opposite of its apparent meaning.

book he cappling ston into lin Drankt t (speke wito him to sont (will fight with thee to over one her is apt high expound wito me he word of he Abson bout we make a of to fight with we. It's we wrible, are the tentodes asoning, the Hat flashing, the fiera gen face strained + sackley.) And with the wasii swood, I fresu know his accusants his breakt the food book sagin could or I am the want a of the achy A Ard be world have sout a one; but I coke house short fgin: expound the word Disspecie is forontal, rape acan bes 1. Thos shalt be wered by tripersion.

back the sapphire stone into his breast, & I spake unto him & said, I will fight with thee & overcome thee, except thou expound unto me the word of the Abyss. Now he makes as if to fight with me. (It's very horrible, all the tentacles moving, & the flail flashing, & the fierce eyeless face, strained & swollen.) And with the magic sword I pierce through his armour to his breast, & he fell back, saying, each of these my scars was thus made, for I am the warden of the æthyr. And he would have said more; but I cut him short, saying: expound the word of the Abyss. And he said: Discipline is sorrowful, & ploughing is laborious, & age is weariness.

Thou shalt be vexed by dispersion.

the He sur anse, feel the Kine a sure, feel the Kine a sure; her sheel god suit her into a fillar of solt.

Suit her into a fillar of solt.

tit words or lefers, for their unter her bea his te by the Alchemist. Compon he saw -- fold it a four felt rejicueur when then but answorted Has wagest where of whole, but of flowing diel's gauses with symbol, those short, werer sign, ha but the works, but Show head with the works, Dut Mere are way hings that an work in my form, who are but Me waste of the 18th Acky, Show my warme thoughtable which is his wie. If the Noce angels of the Acthy, how which with the warmer from tight to left, I from left to tight to prom higher to left, I there are he holy letters:

Then if But now the sun arise, fold thou thine arms; then shall god smite thee into a pillar of salt.

Look not so deeply into words & letters; for this mystery hath been hidden by the Alchemists. Compose the seven-fold into a four-fold regimen, & when thou hast understood thou mayest make symbols, but by playing child's games with symbols thou shalt never understand. Thou hast the signs, thou hast the words, but there are many things that are not in my power, who am but the warden of the 28th Æthyr.

Now my name thou shalt obtain in this wise. Of the three angels of the Æthyr, thou shalt write the names from right to left, & from left to right, & from right to left, & these are the holy letters:-

Me first to the fifth 2, the Bit 3 he elekenth & the sweet 5, he tweet to 6, he sweeteers 3. A. Mans hat hor my have the are above they More, but the angel of the Ish alphy to are when four, I be have none about then, lenter tissersion l'élorter. from ever sits at once teribs the great blooking had bee it search & the wait of the Start they book and assured, Had he not Deen de høger he had at Come lisher, for lace abre Some in he dorknes in he amb of Her by alion case he wie at the work that their

The first 1, the fifth 2, the sixth 3, the eleventh 4, the seventh 5, the twelfth 6, the seventeenth 7. \mp

Thus hast thou
my name who am above these
three, but the angels of the
30th Æthyr are indeed four,
& they have none above them,
wherefore dispersion & disorder.

Now comes a voice from every side at once, terribly great, crying: Close the veil; the great blasphemy hath been uttered; the face of my Mother is scarred by the nails of the devil. Shut the book, destroy the breaker of the seal! And I answered: Had he not been destroyed he had not come hither, for I am not, save in the darkness in the womb of Her by whom came evil into the world. [& And this

n.p.

farkres farllows even him it, and the apple of four from he for herein, fare ord the Cips of the Rose to the Cross. Avuale, Algeria. 1881:23, 1909. Between 8 r 9, f. a.

darkness swallows everything up, and the angel is gone from the stone, & there is no light therein, save only the light of the Rose & of the Cross.

Aumale, Algeria. Nov: 23, 1909. Between 8-9 p.m.

i cacled 2 AA. Minis a anglasit a randoor ump, this Des is free with silver, a green viel over silver amour. Planes of many-coloressed fire door from him is all direction. It is a asmar of some 30 years old, & she ha he woo for a crest, & he won is blagared of her beart, ther sachals are and riler the moon. Ast she cois: tonely and and cold in the wilderes of the stars.

For I am the Gueer of nel them that on fine upon east, the Juen that an fine upon east, the Juen of hell. I am the Dægler & Duir, Ne bas finde Ordines - And I our Keaster A de Dog Cerberas. Re posson



The Cry of the 27th Æthyr, which is called ZAA.

There is an angel with rainbow wings, & his dress is green with silver, a green veil over silver armour. Flames of many-coloured fire dart from him in all directions. It is a woman of some 30 years old, & she has the moon for a crest, & the moon is blazoned on her heart, & her sandals are curved silver, like the moon. And she cries: Lonely am I and cold in the wilderness of the stars. For I am the queen of all them that dwell in him Heaven, & the queen of all them that are pure upon earth, & the queen of all the sorcerers of hell. I am the daughter of Nuit, the lady of the stars. And I am the Bride of them that are vowed unto loneliness. And I am the mother of the Dog Cerberus. One person

am f, and three gods. And hor who has been shall me shall am for I am and burn he was the airstand the elements be accomplished. Radiary are Mese falchious den brokers, vivisible about we par the weifly the actions we beneath we beaut we to swar he Kamilos. Hen is se is gree amor art green
ege whose sword is of regetable
fine that shall aimil are
his sor is he for shall
bear him that have wor Known man. [It this tring Tok to best me back or Jung me back or us form is the form of a man

am I, and three gods. And thou who hast blasphemed me, shalt suffer knowing me. For I am cold as thou art cold, and burn with thy fire. Oh, when shall the war of the airses and the elements be accomplished?

Radiant are these falchions of my brothers, invisibly about me, but the might of the æthyrs beneath my feet beareth me down. And they avail not to sever the Kamailos. There is one in green armour, with green eyes, whose sword is of vegetable fire. That shall avail me. My son is he. And how shall I bear him that have not known man? [All this time intolerable rays are shooting forth to beat me back or destroy me; but I am encased in an egg of blue-violet, and my form is the form of a man

with he had to a folder hawk. I while I we been losening his, he follow wail kept of a contribute wail the he baying to a thousand hours, row her wire is Tref alt justural and boam + she trutten cen rapids Worts Met (Caret leas! / Calentoth From the WEV: -UNTU LA LA WCULA UNUNA TOFA LAMA LE LI WA AHR INA TAHARA ELULA ETFEMA UNUNA APPETI ULU ULU ULU MARABAN ULULU MAHATA ULU ULU LAMASTANA. As her her sovies now to a shriet, and there's a could son boiling front of the flames we from the could not an who the Jin Race, i i he cared to with the head of a golden hawk.] While I have been observing this, the goddess has kept up a continuous wail, like the baying of a thousand hounds, & now her voice is deep and guttural and hoarse, & she breathes breathes very rapidly words that I cannot hear.

I can hear OUT T some of them now: -

UNTU LA LA ULULA
UMUNA TOFA LAMA LE
LI NA AHR IMA TAHARA
ELULA ETF¥OMA UNUNA
ARPETI ULU ULU ULU
MARABAN ULULU MAHATA
ULU ULU LAMA-TANA.

And then her voice rises to a shriek, and there's a cauldron boiling in front of her; & the flames under the cauldron are like unto zinc flames, & in the cauldron is the Rose, the Rose of 49 petals,

scelling is it. Res the carlosson she has ander her raisbon the calls, I she's blowing spale at silven my outs toyle he aster burits who flame, The four tobe me Colors. Art was she Its les heat, I raises her hasts to heaver, + one: - O theoher, with ha wear have composition or he dilt ser feath! was it 4 th look that he lose ghould be set with the blood of huis heart or hat its father Thous be & sun, or & fine. The tran grown of fill he whole ston with wo ca see withing + hear withing For he tean thous she of the flat from them

seething in it. Over the cauldron she has arched her rainbow wings, & her face is bent over the cauldron, & she is blowing opalescent silvery rings on to the Rose, & each ring as it touches the water bursts into Flame, & the Rose takes new colours. And now she lifts her head, & raises her hands to heaven, & cries: O Mother, wilt thou never have compassion on the children of earth? Was it not enough that the Rose should be red with the blood of thine heart, & that its petals should be by seven & by seven. She is weeping, weeping. And the tears grow & fill the whole stone with moons. I can see nothing & hear nothing for the tears, though she keeps on praying. Take of these pearls: treasure them

in him heart. Gast the Ebyss account. the fait frenant to the

in thine heart. Is not the Kingdom of the Abyss accurst? She points downward to the cauldron, & now in it there is the head of a most cruel dragon, black & corrupted. I watch & watch, & nothing happens. And now the dragon rises out of the cauldron, very long & slim like those Japanese Dragons, but infinitely more terrible, & he blots out the whole sphere of the stone. And then suddenly all is gone, & there is nothing in the stone, save brilliant white light & flecks like sparks of golden fire, & and there is a ringing like as if bells were being used for anvils. And there is a perfume which I cannot describe; it's like nothing that one can describe, but

the sytes ting the Gunn aloes. Det wor all here Mings an her at one is he sam flage t time. Ist now, a will of oliver t silver is from over the store. only aefil teel big very saxet t faist of sonowful, saying:-For At I loved in the secret stone is the surknown, town. + interpere hat the live knowledge with the will I be weders kinding. I am alove. I am lost, because I am all + in all + my beil is worken & the green last + the web of I tate. loud + lan femet, for/ have ferrit my self he those hands. for then afanif un heart. Is it aft colt: Sink sink; he absort Dossible that one shood love

the suggestion is like lignum aloes. And now all these things are there at once, in the same place & time. And now a veil of olive & silver is drawn over the stone. only I hear the voice of the angel receding, very sweet & faint & sorrowful, saying: -Far off & lonely in the secret stone is the unknown, between & interpenetrating is the knowledge with the will & the understanding. I am alone. I am lost, because I am all & in all, & my veil is woven of the green earth & the web of stars. I love & I am denied, for I have denied myself. Give me those hands. Put them against my heart. Is it not cold? Sink, sink, - the abyss of time remains. It is not possible that one should come

Let an kis it will on cold Riss. M. R. H. Face Dack from me. Ne word, he - NAH. Des hise words shall Mor sa barbuarts:- ARARNAY OBOLO MAHARNA TUTULUR NOM LAHARA EN NEDIEZO LO SAD FONUSA SOBANA ARAKA BINUF LA LA LA ARPAZNA Wo HULUA When thor wilt Cally my burter unto appear -- ance, for I who are the Whin god tos an the propher Jod by, I have too t down børders Atte waiverse. The that blasheme we are stones, I my veil is faller about we ever unto the end of low hen ansis a greet raying of Morract or Morracts

to ZODAA. Give me thy face. Let me kiss it with my cold kisses. Ah! Ah! Ah! Fall back from me. The word, the word of the æon is MAKHASHÅ --NAH. And these words shalt thou say backwards: ARARNAY OBOLO MAHARNA TUTULU NOM LAHARA EN NEDIEZO LO SAD FONUSA SOBANA ARANA BINUF LA LA LA ARPAZNA ₩UOHULU When thou wilt call for my burden unto appear--ance, for I who am the virgin goddess am the pregnant goddess, & I have cast down my burden even unto the borders of the universe. They that blaspheme me are stoned, & my veil is fallen about me even unto the end of time.

Now there arises a great raging of thousands & thousands

Haraits of wifty woners

Flashing Brough he actly to be
hickly but worthing is to be
see but heir swords whill
are like blue-gry Rume.

And the rosis is confused; the source of bothle-cnes. harmonisms to a rour, be he was of a wow how runs in flood, And all the stre is tull dull greg. The lift is gone from it. Men is no wore to see. Sedi Ausa, Agena. Mr. 24, 1909. 8-9 pin.

& thousands of mighty warriors flashing through the æthyr so thickly that nothing is to be seen but their swords, which are like blue-gray plumes.

And the noise is confused, thousands of battle-cries harmonizing to a roar, like the roar of a monstrous river in flood. And all the stone is dull, dull grey.

The life is gone from it.

There is no more to see.

Sidi Aissa, Algeria. Nov: 24, 1909. 8-9 p.m. is called DES. then is a very big to feetagram, to how he stoke is you, I he whole heares is black , he blackes is the Markers of a wight ayel. Aser Morph he is black his face to his corners to his tobe to his armore an all black, get is be so bright that I caused book upon him. he onis: O se spears t vide of foisor t shap suorts and alishing hand who the lash girted with worth the lash for know ge that his have is Righter was in Beauty. brons ost an som eges, for that ge have seen me is any anajet. Feet bother are the Dun-heads of your ears, borain my name is a two montains of formication, the breat of a strange woman + my forder as not in New. to he fool of fior to



The Cry of the 26th Æthyr, which is called DES.

There is a very bright pentagram, & now the stone is gone, & the whole heaven is black, & the blackness is the blackness of a mighty angel. And though he is black his face & his wings & his robe & his armour are all black, yet is he so bright that I cannot look upon him. he cries: O ye spears & vials of poison & sharp swords and whirling thunderbolts that are about the corners of the earth, girded with wrath & justice, know ye that his name is Righteousness in Beauty. Burnt out are your eyes, For that ye have seen me in my majesty. And broken are the drum-heads of your ears, because my name is as two mountains of fornication, the breasts of a strange woman, & my father is not in them. Lo! the pools of fire &

toment wingled wit supplied , hang ax their colours, + heir colour is as uster goet, when all is sais. Is Le Brightes of for conscious as 1928 fetals of fire? Also Ge spake he curse folding his wrigh across, + cray: it as the son he every this father? And has Atte bed of her woher ? Merefore le great curse in evo cable Menforethere & weller andre ar androbuspur knowledge a this horse, their hanget apour 4, ber 2, 0 hor blar phen spoken against 1. Neverton aloso anstitlet bee is accurred. He sholl be brojed in a morton t Le fonder hierof cart to the units, that birds of the air and sent then to aid be the she she shell be sois shed a votor airs

torment mingled with sulphur! Many are their colours, & their colour is as molten gold, when all is said. Is not he one, one & alone, in whom the brightness of your countenance is as 1728 petals of fire? Also he spake the curse, folding his wings across & crying: Is not the son the enemy of his father? And hath not the daughter stolen the warmth of the bed of her mother? Therefore is the great curse irrevocable. Therefore of there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor knowledge in this house, that hangeth upon the edge of hell. Thou art not 4, but 2, O thou blasphemy spoken against 1! Therefore, whoso worshippeth thee is accursed. He shall be brayed in a mortar & the powder thereof cast to the winds, that the birds of the air may eat thereof and die, & the o he shall be dissolved in strong acid,

the elegion found its he sea, that he fisher of the sea my broadle hendi and tie. And know shall be might with they t sprad upon the last, so het he herbs of the east way food kenoft die. Art that shalk be bunt utter? and fire, I the who then of shall calone the children of flace, that ever in hell may be found an over flouring Camentation. CAR you or he bout of the type, is a gother egg between the blookers of the wing, or that If of grows are over the allyt. At it break, and within Men is a golder eagle. At he one wolf wolf year wool wolf wolf for her is no sir, there is no salvation. My fluxes are the arms of gold upon the Ica. My eyes are brighter than he fur my tryme is suither has the Gifting. Ist and hemmed in by he comme

& the elixir poured into the sea, that the fishes of the sea may breathe thereof and die. And he shall be mingled with dung & spread upon the earth, so that the herbs of the earth may feed thereof & die. And then he shall be burnt utterly with fire, & the ashes thereof shall calcine the children of flame, that even in hell may be found an overflowing lamentation. [And now on the breast of the Angel is a golden egg between the blackness of the wings, & that egg grows & grows all over the æthyr. And it breaks, and within there is a golden eagle. And he cries: Woe! woe! Yea, woe unto the world! For there is no sin, & there is no salvation. My plumes are like waves of gold upon the sea. My eyes are brighter than the sun. My tongue is swifter than the lightning. Yet am I hemmed in by the armies

then that is suited by the ask The sky clear belief the sun! Mese clouds that bun her up, The rays that sand he brains fruer with blindness. These are lisales before in face of the fisher on and the lingur. It are all blindth by me glory to
hopf ye treason in jour heart
he saired word that is the last
whart the key to the little door
begord the absol get ye gloss of Comment Minison for he lift Milt is but illusion. Think Milt i but illusion yia Nest be the great illusions beyond life t space t time. Let by lips olister with my works. Are the work meteors in they brain & Book! book from the face of the accurred or who am I book is the my la frag father, into the sclence;

of night, singing, singing praises unto him that is smitten by the thunderbolt of the abyss. Is not the sky clear behind the sun? These clouds that burn thee up, these rays that scorch the brains of men with blindness. These are heralds before my face of the dissolution and the night. Ye are all blinded by my glory, & though ye treasure in your heart the sacred word that is the last lever word of the key to the little door beyond the abyss, yet ye gloss & comment thereupon, for the light itself is but illusion. Truth itself is but illusion. Yea, these be the great illusions beyond life & space & time. Let thy lips blister with my words! Are they not meteors in thy brain? Back, back from the face of the accursed one, who am I, back into the night of my father, into the silence;

for all that ye seem right is with format is bookmant, apound is formant. I am he great got, aboved of the holy one. Get am I the accurred one, chied the element, and not their faster. O, any wother! will Thor not have still upon me? wiet hor not shield me? I an naket, I an marifat an proface. 8 m faker! wier 9xtersed. I am dorble. I an Destare. Wol wor unto me! Mest are by that hear ist mer. It is I that have heard all proper alway t here is use to answer we. Voe cuto we! woe auto al! Accumb ou l'act the acow. The his true his billiant eagle-beated tot has been attacks, securing by wirdly fisple for le is with shear for blood come out see

for all that ye deem right is left, forward is backward, upward is downward. I am the great god, adored of the holy ones. Yet am I the accursed one, child of the elements, and not their Father. O my mother! wilt thou not have pity upon me? Wilt thou not shield me? For I am naked, I am manifest, I am profane. O my father! wilt not thou withdraw me? I am extended. I am double. I am profane. Woe, woe unto me! These are they that hear not prayer. It is I that have heard all prayer alway, & there is none to answer me. Woe unto me! Woe unto me! Accursed am I unto the æons! [All this time this brilliant eagle-headed god has been attacked, seemingly, by invisible people; for he is wounded now & again, here & there. Little streams of fresh blood come out over

he feeter of the breat. And he sunder the blood has gradues filling he ack r with a minor A sarjaine. & here's authorite Syste blov it, in a long wage the claid of the Know the Former's. We wearing is: Not as beginning understood. And the blood is
Mickey + Parker as the bearing
clothed + Kark, so that even high
What at because it toagelates,
compalate. And there at the top Rin steals a faw of pure wifer-blue Ble Itan the star à ch
feet set. Auf Avis le blood
The tem to that ace
met he top of he over

prohoef Plans hat in p

per hat; Mit. Decent her is he flaving wonged desk, t billor, he altas of Ra-Horr-Kulit, wer a it is spor

the feathers of his breast. And the smoke of the blood is gradually filling the Æthyr with a crimson veil! And there is a scroll over the top, saying: Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine. & there is another scroll below it in a language of which I don't know the sounds. The meaning is: Not as they have understood. And the blood is thicker & darker now, & it is becoming clotted & black, so that everything is blotted out, because it coagulates, coagulates. And then at the top there steals a dawn of pure night--blue, Oh, the stars, the stars in it deeply set. And after the blood star. All m So that all round the top of the oval gradually dawns the figure of our Lady Nuit, & beneath her is the flaming winged disk, & below the altar of Ra-Hoor-Kuhit Khuit, even as it is upon

Le stelle of recoling. But below is he sepain from of the sich whom is concertached all these when it concertached all the dawn of the agon. He also of curroup are past away. Force i fin short the serverts of the Sharr he suche the serverts the sharr he suche the guing above in he trust exhauted. le desert near Si de desa 1.60-2, Run.

the Stele of Revealing. But below is the supine figure of Seb, into whom is concentrated all that clotted blood. & there comes a voice: It is the dawn of the æon. The æons of cursing are passed away. Force & fire, strength & sight, these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake. & now And now I seem to be lying alone in the desert, exhausted.

The desert, near Sidi Aissa. Nov. 25, 1909. 1:10-2 p.m.

The of the 25 K Selyn, which is cacled VT1. Then is working in he store but he fall fold of he Ros, Cross, but wor her comes as Anycl with bright wins, that is the Ayel of the 25% Air. And all the air is a dark olive about him, like an alexant n'te store. Le Dears a fittler or amphora. And now hin comes awher Angel, upor a White horse. Det get again auther And afor a black bull. And now then comes a lon + sacelows he two latter angle up. He first togel you to the tron and down his work. And behind her are armed a great company of Ayels with silver spears, like a forest. And the Ayel Says: blov all ye hands from the most of the line and his boaring shall enkrible he



The cry of the 25th Æthyr, which is called VTI.

There is nothing in the stone but the pale gold of the Rosy Cross, but now there comes an Angel with bright wings, that is the Angel of the 25th Air Air Air. And all the air is a dark olive about him, like an alexandrite stone. He bears a pitcher or amphora. And now there comes another Angel, upon a white horse. And yet again another Angel, upon a black bull. And now there comes a lion & swallows the two latter angels up. The first angel goes to the lion and closes his mouth. And behind them are arrayed a great company of Angels with silver spears, like a forest. And the Angel says: Blow, all ye trumpets, for I will loose my hands from the mouth of the lion, and his roaring shall enkindle the

worlds. Then he truspets blow, and the wint nie, act alintles terribly. It is a blue wint, with riber speaks, + it blows through Realiste Jellyr. Bur broys it one foreices the lion, which has become as a rajon flave. At he roard in an unknown torjae. But his i the interpretation thenot: Let He star be bunt of it ke fire Aug wostils! Let all he gods and the andwycle + the angeles + the spirits that an on he eath, hat an a all the heaven t is all the heaven t is all the heaven t is all the heaven to in the heaven to write the facing a the beau of wine est lan he that swallowerk

The Flack + victory. I have slavi
the crowned your, + Amuk up

The great Sea. He some his Mat of Pries leaves the works and blown before we. Mor hast posses of me, thou hast wor known we. worlds. Then the trumpets blow, and the wind rises, and whistles terribly. It is a blue wind, with silver specks, & it blows through the whole Æthyr. But through it one perceives the lion, which has become as a raging flame. And he roareth in an unknown tongue. But this is the interpretation thereof: Let the stars be burnt up in the fire of my nostrils! Let all the gods and the archangels & the angels & the spirits that are on the earth, & above the earth, & below the earth, that are in all the heavens & in all the hells, let them be as motes dancing in the beam of mine eye. I am he that swalloweth up death & victory. I have slain the crowned goat, & drunk up the great sea. The sea! Like the ash of dried leaves the worlds are blown before me. Thou hast passed by me, & thou hast not known me. Wol weto bee hat I have not I would bel altogether. The my Lest is the crown, 419 Fors far--farting. At any body is the body of the Suake, tay stoll is the sort A He Erouned Child. Most an Ayel å alite søbe leadest me, Who shall tide upor me but the le Suar of Abouir ations, Who is
the beast of Arm not I one best than
be in his hand is a sword that is a book. he his hard is a spear, that is a ap of forwice tion. Upon his work is set the great of tenible seel. And he had the secret of V. fonts. Det his eight bead s' are as the Chan's teer of the west. Thus for the fire of the sun temper Me spear of Mars, & Mas shall be be worshipped, as the warnior -- Lord of the sue. for in him is the woman that devousett, with the water all the fire of

Woe unto thee, that I have not devoured thee altogether! On my head is the crown, 419 rays far--darting. And my body is the body of the Snake, & my soul is the soul of the eCrowned eChild. Though an Angel in white robes leadeth me, who shall ride upon me but the Woman of Abominations, Who is the beast? Am not I one less more than he? In his hand is a sword that is a book. In his hand is a spear, that is a cup of fornication. Upon his mouth is set the great & terrible seal. And he hath the secret of V. And his ten horns spring from five points. And his eight heads are as the Charioteer of the West. Thus doth the fire of the sun temper the spear of Mars, & thus shall he be worshipped, as the warrior--lord of the sun. Yet in him is the woman that devoureth with her water all the fire of

Sot. Ha ky lord, how art joined with him that knowed ust here things. When shall the day come, that wen shall flock to his any gate, I fall into any finis Kroat, De alithrost f fire! Wis is hell an quend -able , all they shall be When corsumed Meseci. Netstore is het as best os uncon-- sumable made fuse. Each of the is a fillar of fire, & from He glands of my mout and four fillars of water. Tasts TAOTZEM à Re name by aluis I am blasphemed. My warme that shalf not know lost that horounce it to fait by. Let now the Lyce come forward again t closes his work. Her this truing heavy bear the bree training upon

God. Alas! my lord, thou art joined with him that knoweth not these things. When shall the day come, that men shall flock to this my gate, & fall into my furious throat., A a whirlpool of fire? This is hell unquench--able, & all they shall be utterly consumed therein. Therefore is that asbestos uncon--sumable made pure. Each of my teeth is a letter of the reverberating Vname. My tongue is a pillar of fire, & from the glands of my mouth arise four pillars of water. Taots TAOTZEM is the name by which I am blasphemed. My name thou shalt not know, lest thou pronounce it & pass by. And now the Angel comes forward again & closes his mouth. All this time heavy blows have been raining upon

me from aissible angels, so that ! an acipled from as with a burter greater than he world. I am altojetter, consider, speat will stores are harled out of beaven upor ine. I am try ing to creal to the lion, the ground And the voice comes: aly at t hor then also art best 4 Hout her aft he sige of the weather, the score of the wave to the tring of the eye. Mor wilt ast. And I ausaiset & said: I am a creature of cart, or soid: I am
have have of cart, or world
have we swine. And the voice
said: The fear is known; the weakness
is known, but those arts
whing is this moster. Shall
the your aluid is cost in to
the cost of the
some school with itself. me from invisible angels, so that I am weighed down as with a burden greater than the world. I am altogether crushed. Great mill-stones are hurled out of heaven upon me. I am trying to crawl to the lion, & the ground is covered with sharp knives. I cut myself at every inch. And the voice comes: Why art thou there who art here? Hast thou not the sign of the number, & the seal of the name, & the ring of the eye. Thou wilt not. And I answered & said: I am a creature of earth, & ye would have me swim. And the voice said: Thy fear is known; thine ignorance is known; thy weakness is known, but thou art nothing in this matter. Shall the grain which is cast in to the earth by the hand of the sower debate within itself,

Sajin am loats or barly & Bord--slave of the curse, we quie wolking we take all. Be thou corteur. That alud there art, Mor art. Be confect. Ard ason the Cia frestes ser through the feet + with the crowned beaut who his back, the tail of the fine goes or inthat of the tail is smeeting or other; - sometimes a little house, Some trink a flaget out offler trul a town. The hen's a pred plai un socicer fitty lu su lain, carred ich attorsaid temper, i lase horse t fall, t teer t great citie, with working a hear, statue + columnes + plui builturs generall Mui jos at on t at aut or + a + or, all or he hair of Mir his toil.

saying, am I oats or barley? Bond--slave of the curse, we give nothing, we take all. Be thou content. That which thou art, thou art. Be content.

And now the lion passes over through the Æthyr with the crowned beast upon his back, & the tail of the lion goes on instead of stopping, & on each hair of the tail is something or other, - sometimes a little house, sometimes a planet, at other times a town. Then there's a great plain with soldiers fighting upon it, & an enormously high mountain, carved into a thousand temples, & more houses & fields, & trees, & great cities, with wonderful buildings in them, statues & columns & public buildings generally. This goes on & on & on & on & on & on, all on the hairs of this lion's tail.

And her her's he tiff of his tail, which is like a court, but the head is a new unicorse, + each hair streaming away from it is a wilk wa. Hen sa tole, jen fun, ensmor, ensmor, anger ha all that an une is, in silver arear, with a sword t afair & balance. Mot's orly bape. All has gove ich ! Itax-gry, black. Min is arthing. Six el Kajel. bri 25, 1909. 8.40-9.20, frm. Men uen tuo voies à all his ly, one belied the other, - or, are and the speech, and the other the beauting. And the opice that are the speed was riaply a towning, one persector use, les a contin pharter + actir - fell +

And then there's the tuft of his tail, which is like a comet, but the head is a new universe, & each hair streaming away from it is a milky way.

And then there's a pale, stern figure, enormous, enormous, bigger than all that universe is, in silver armour, with a sword & a pair of balances. That's only vague. All has gone into stone-gray, blank.

There is nothing.

Ain el Hajel. Nov: 25, 1909. 8.340-9.340, p.m.

(There were two voices in all this Cry, one behind the other, - or, one was the speech, and the other the meaning. And the voice that was the speech was simply a roaring, one tremendous noise, like a mixture of thunder, & water-falls &

wild beats + backs rartiller. for jet it un articulate thought court tell of aliot a sufe word

we. But he wearing of he voice—he

seest voice— wa quite silant, t

fut the istea fixetly into the

brain of the Seer, as if by touch.

It is not certain whether the will-stows + the sword-show that raiced spor hia aer aft there can souds & clear 7

wild beasts & bands & artillery.

And yet it was articulate, though I can't tell you what a single word was. But the meaning of the voice - the second voice - was quite silent, & put the ideas directly into the brain of the Seer, as if by touch. It is not certain whether the mill-stones & the sword-strokes that rained upon him were not these very sounds & ideas.]

is called NIA. An Azel come formard into the store Wel a namiot clas à charie -- armour. Upor his head are flunds a feacock. Abour his feet a skat army of scorpion + Appl, hor elephonts, i man sher wild bearts. He shall fork his and to heaven, I coie; in the Crapling of the lightwing in the rolling of the hunter, in the clashing of the arrows: Be the wante huntling of the arrows: Be the wante exalted! Let steam of fin I come our of the heaven, a fall prilliant blue, when plume. Fit they gather themselve, I rother upon this lips this lips are restore than henselse in a blue tose or from beneath he petoe of the rose come



The Cry of the 24^{th} Æthyr, which is called NIA.

An Angel comes forward into the stone like a warrior clad in chain--armour. Upon his head are plumes of gray, spread out like the fan of a peacock. About his feet a great army of scorpions & dogs, lions, elephants, & many other wild beasts. He stretches forth his arms to heaven, & cries: in the crackling of the lightning, in the rolling of the thunder, in the clashing of the swords, & the hurling of the arrows: Be thy name exalted! And streams of fire come out of the heavens, a pale brilliant blue, like plumes. And they gather themselves & settle upon his lips. His lips are redder than roses, & the blue plumes gather themselves into a blue rose, & from beneath the petals of the rose come

broll-coloret human buts, t der falls from the row -hory-colored der. I start à le shower d'it.
And a voice proceeds from the rose: Come awa! Our chanst is Prawn by fore. Truster-f-fearl to worn if ar chan't. At the rein thereof are the beart-strings of men. Even unever hat at It shall or cover an alou. And even flace or which we rest shall be a yours unverse rejoicing is 1ts strengt; he weadout Kenot shall be court wit flowers. Mit shall al ret but a wight, majaet the Chant of a the voice spoke r (lostes also an wist we is the There hair o golder skin

brightly-coloured humming-birds, & dew falls from the rose-honey-coloured dew. I stand in the shower of it. And a voice proceeds from the rose: Come away! Our chariot is drawn by doves. Of mother-of-pearl & ivory is our chariot. And the reins thereof are the heart-strings of men. Every moment that we fly shall cover an æon. And every place on which we rest shall be a young universe rejoicing in its strength; the meadows thereof shall be covered with flowers. There shall we rest but a night, & in the morning we shall flee away, comforted.

Now, to myself, I have imagined the Chariot of which the voice spake, & I looked to see who was with me in the chariot. It was an &Angel of golden hair & golden skin, whose eyes were bluer than the

La aloge and was red der har le fire, alore break
war antrosial air. Frier that a
spister s act were her to to be. All this (Saw, then he his da voice west about sweet: Come litte hough its name be death. Mor shall ste to all hat hor Roset thefest i hatest therest shalt fii, ever as this west die. For all that her har hor hout ut; all that the ast that art ut. NENNI OFEKUFA ANANAEL LAIADA / MAELPERESI NOWUKA AFAFA ADAREPEHETA PEREGI ALADI NIISA NIISA LAPE OL 20DIR IDDIAN. All fait: ODO KIKALE RAA. Why art thou Liste from me clion (hear 4. he; Kearing is of he spirit alone.

sea, whose mouth was redder than the fire, whose breath was ambrosial air. Finer than a spider's web were her sl robe. And they were of the seven colours. All this I saw; & then the hidden voice went on low & sweet: Come away! The price of the journey is little, though its name be death. Thou shalt die to all that thou fearest & hopest & hatest & lovest & thinkest, & and art. Yea! thou shalt die, even as thou must die. For all that thou hast, thou hast not; all that thou art, thou art not! NENNI OFEKUFA ANANAEL LAIADA I MAELPEREJI NONUKA AFAFA ADA₽REPEHETA PEREGI ALADI NIISA NIISA LAPE OL ZODIR IDOIAN. And I said: ODO KIKALE QAA. Why art thou hidden from me, whom I hear? And the voice answered, & said unto me: Hearing is of the spirit alone.

Mes art a far taker the fuir feet up the suir toll up the ter faint ores like a scroll, to fashion, heref rom a star, for just hor out he stay is Meliant & Hadit. For the blood from heart is like a warm bat a wart aut autofris, in his it last there Burns is in hips of this thee. Bush is in first the cases bee, bush is any assub alia his asp carps in any bed. Might are the stars; with it the sure in the constitution one, the choice of his alwayer are the hungers that he cores, but my silence of the works who are the wightir than her. Close up the works who a means have close up the book of the tecorder, that the best swallow Thou art a partaker of the five-fold mystery. Thou must roll up the ten divine ones like a scroll, & fashion therefrom a star. Yet must thou blot out the star in the heart of Hadit. For the blood of my heart is like a warm bath of myrrh and ambergris; bathe thyself therein. The blood of my heart is all gathered upon my lips if I kiss thee. Burns in my fingertips if I caress thee, burns in my womb when thou art caught up into my bed. Mighty are the stars; mighty is the sun; mighty is the moon; mighty is the voice of the ever-living one, & the echoes of his whisper are the thunders of the dissolution of the worlds. But my silence is mightier than they. Close up the worlds like unto a weary house; close up the book of the recorder, & let the veil swallow

up le strine for au arvier, l' un faire se there is no more weef of all there things. It I for the apart from me, it was the journey of the tibe a work the sea one Let us the sea! Come! Let w mount auto, but our Wester, in he intimit abys for him has mour; thou has work that lural. has been shooting out the Rame, cornscating like shak Morey the whole Aire. And he suches have taken she of zertwee. The of the unbra alarun Adorai quies et felicé tas. Ard austher: Summum bonne sub wortis works sunt. At up the shrine, for I am arisen, O my fair one, & there is no more need of all these things. If I put thee apart from me, it was the joy of play. Is not the ebb & flowing of the tide a music of the sea? Come!, let us mount unto Nuit our mother, & be lost. Let being be emptied in the infinite abyss. For by me only shalt thou mount; thou hast none other wings than mine.

All this while the Rose has been shooting out blue flames, coruscating like snakes through the whole Aire. And the snakes have taken shapes of sentences. One of them is: Sub umbra alarum tuarum Adonai quies et felicitas. And another: Summum bonum vera sapientia, magnanima vita sub noctis nocte sunt. And

authori; bera welicuia let orum wortis. At author is: liberta evangeli ser pyana legis do glotman dei intakan af vacuum nefnagnam tendet. Ar anottu is: Ind aqua lex terrarum. And another is: Mens etter rerum cor ultotas rerum intelligentia via summa. At another is: Inuma via lucij Per Hephaes tam andas regais. De another i: bir introit, tumlum regis invenit oleum his.

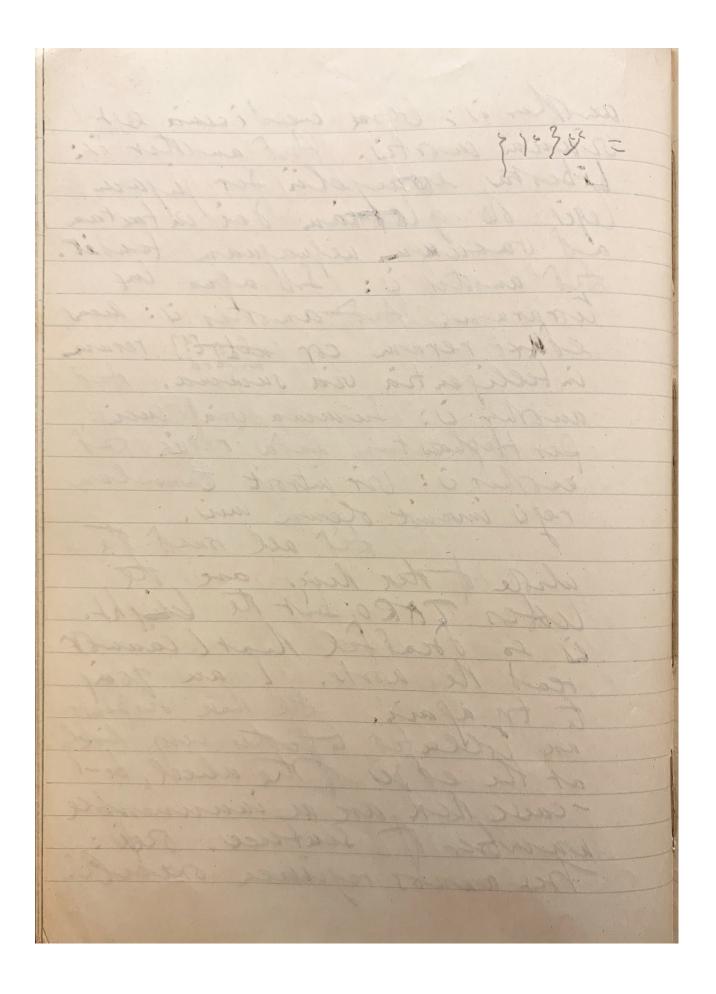
If all would the whole of the wings are the works TARO, but the works.

If so stratful that (cause, the head the works. I am going to the again. It the surpent. an ischated to fecter cery disk at the est se of the wheel be-1 - corse hen ar ar innumente unutoer of sentuce. Refi: The annos regulares oracidi.

another is: Vera medicina est
vinum mortis. And another is:

Libertas evangelii per jugum
legis ob gloriam dei intactam
ad vacuum nequaquam tendit.
And another is: Sub aqua lex
terrarum. And another is: Mens
edax rerum cor uldo[?] umbra rerum
intelligentia via summa. And
another is: Summa via lucis:
per Hephaestum undas regas. And
another is: Vir introit etumulum
regis invenit oleum lucis.

And all round the whole of these things are the letters TARO, but the Light is so dreadful that I cannot read the words. I am going to try again. All these serpents are collected together very thickly at the edges of the wheel, be-cause there are an innumerable number of sentences. One is: res annos regimen oraculi:



Ardausker in terribile and of tex olium. At another is: Ter And another is: Tribu annulis rejet olisbon. At te above word thing a hat with hope four Letters for can get a complete set of rule for doing even thing, both for white waget or black! es es arx fixed upor his es un sein à sucked app roy my eyes ab hou eye. And (see brough those eyes Spark of old blown the a tempert. I seem to swell out of aria is him well cossi noves fiel the whole Achyr. I hear the on NA

And another is: Terribilis ardet rex olium. And another is: Ter amb- [amp-?] (-can't see it) rosam oleo. And another is: Tribus annulis re-en-gna olisbon. And the whole marvel thing is that with those four letters you can get a complete set of rules for doing everything, both for white magic, & black.

And now I see the heart of the rose again. I see the face of him that is the heart of the rose. And in the glory of that face I am ended.

My eyes are fixed upon his eyes; my being is sucked up through my eyes into those eyes.

And I see through those eyes,

lo! & that the universe, like whirling sparks of gold, blown like a tempest. I seem to swell out again into him. My consciousness fills the whole Æthyr. I hear the cry NIA,

tajag ag ani t og ani from within me. It sounds like inti with music, r belind the sound is the sound is the sound is the meaning of the Letys. Afair there are no as the lings true, he Helyt. Afair here ate wo words.

All his, truic, he

whisting sparks of fold go or,

they've the blue of, with a

lot practer this white docks

in it, outside. And read lead 1

See when boils to be a in it, outsite. And seon to See wour pais must for blace i he ugist å a little opter cell of moss which was different of the sound of the rose. And I am sparts drinking Inibis of of the point was the exhaution that was the coupling that is for

ringing again & again from within me. It sounds like infinite music, & behind the sound is the meaning of the Æthyr. Again there are no words.

All this time the whirling sparks of gold go on, & they are like blue sky, with a lot of rather thin white clouds in it, outside. And now I see mountains round, far blue mountains, purple mountains. And in the midst is a little green dell of moss, which is all sparkling with dew that drips from the rose. And I am lying on that moss with my face upwards, drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking of the dew dew.

I cannot describe to you the joy & the exhaustion of everything that was, & the energy of everything that is, for it is orly a corpse hat is haif on he woss. I am the soul Whe he suosts of anlayer, clashing apor he armour of the famuel then seem to be he blackswiths ofteened beating. He stell the worlds apor he jamist theel, to wake a toof to the telly to the fresh work were ansuffiched, t are the fresh is also caught up is one, then would be voir be still. for all is gone from the store. Au el Rojel. bro: 16, 900. 2 (4) 3.25 pm. 23 (4) pm.

it is only a corpse that is lying on the moss. I am the soul of the Æthyr.

Now it reverberates like the swords of archangels, clashing upon the armour of the damned, & there seem to be the blacksmiths of heaven beating the steel of the worlds upon the anvils of hell, to make a roof to the Æthyr.

For if the Great
Work were accomplished, & all
the Æthyrs were caught up into
one, then would the vision fail;
then would the voice be still.

Now all is gone from the stone.

Ain el Hajel. Nov: 26, 1909. 2(?)-3:25 p.m. 2-3(?) p.m. is called TOR. The 2300 Achyr, which More light, brighten than all, which rusta ceaseless h. And now there is a spider's act of silver, covering the about the store. And believed the spider's acts is a star of twelve rays. And believed that ajain, a black bill, finnowly faving up the front live work wereast and which, the cries: behold he waystry of boil, thou who art taken in the tooks of agestery. For I also trample he east hinty wake alist pool in the air: be conto tet thenton, for though I be black, in he root of my mouthing he sign the Beetle. Best an the back A my brettree; get shall they gore he Gon with their horns, thank I wet he wrigs of the eagle, & the face of the And wor he is transf with one Mon anget Degrian bell-men.



The Cry of the 23rd Æthyr, which is called TOR.

In the brightness of the stone, are three lights, brighter than all, which revolve ceaselessly. And now there is a spider's web of silver, covering the whole of the stone. And behind the spider's web is a star of twelve rays. And behind that again, a black bull, furiously pawing up the ground. The flames from his mouth increase and whirl, & he cries: Behold the mystery of toil, o thou who art taken in the toils of mystery. For I who trample the earth thereby make whirlpools in the air; be comforted therefore, for though I be black, in the roof of my mouth is the sign of the Beetle. Bent are the backs of my brethren; yet shall they gore the lion with their horns. Have I not the wings of the eagle, & the face of the man?

And now he is turned into one of those winged Assyrian bull-men.

And he says: The space of the husband han is the scipt the king. It he heavens because we me they serve we. They are my sorbards to my failts t any garter t any orbards to my fait set by fut in he flood; whom fourts of the orange frances is friends with the sharp points of the orange of the oran sur fecusion. Thou art an egg of blocknes, i a worm of poison. But thou hat formaleted by faker, runde forkle by worker. Mon ort the bosilist whose fage turns men to store. As the cookstrike at he break of an harlor hat quark start for wick. Mor art he orp har hart stoler into he could of the babe. Slog und hee, who art turned about he world a he time that daught to he bare bots Aa bacchanal. Also, hory be Harted to fining upon the east jet is my blood was I my break fine of mathes. with these wings, though they

And he says: The spade of the husbandman is the sceptre of the King. All the heavens beneath me, they serve me. They are my fields & my gardens & my orchards & my pastures. Glory be unto thee, who didst set thy feet in the nNorth; whose forehead is pierced with the sharp points of the diamonds in thy crown; whose heart is pierced with the spear of thine own fecundity. Thou art an egg of blackness, & a worm of poison. But thou hast formulated thy father, & made fertile thy mother. Thou art the basilisk whose gaze turns men to stone. And the cockatrice at the breast of an harlot that giveth death for milk. Thou art the asp that has stolen into the cradle of the babe. Glory unto thee, who art twined about the world a the vine that clingeth to the bare body of a bacchanal. Also, though I be planted so firmly upon the earth, yet is my blood wine & my breath fire of madness. With these wings, though they

be but lette, l'att augself about le crown of the god, i being without fris, I get sam in the involate four tain. I forfort ayself in the raise of Edea her a Levia than in the false trains Deag whole as the rose at the crown of the cross. Come & cuto and and dietar,

the glas. It he east of Coborr is

the former of Coborr. And in my stability is

Comen haret extract change. For

the whishings of the universe and but

the course of the blood is my heart,

that the universable connect thereof is det in files hairs of plane and few in my fall crown. We diangle which ye lament is the aft my rejnicity. And the sorror that blackenet four harts is the ungriad of the inhabity about an renewed. And the inhabity about and asket ge to fear, is the little havings of blacked by alust the warrings of blacked by Silver tissue-stuff dow over line,

be but little, I lift myself above the crown of the yod, & being without fins, I yet swim in the inviolate fountain. I disport myself in the ruins of Eden, even as Leviathan in the false sea, being whole as the rose at the crown of the cross. Come ye unto me, my children, & be glad. At the end of labour is the power of labour. And in my stability is concentrated eternal change. For the whirlings of the universe are but the course of the blood in my heart. And the unspeakable variety thereof is but my divers hairs & plumes and gems in my tall crown. The change which ye lament is the life of my rejoicing. And the sorrow that blackeneth your hearts is the myriad deaths by which I am renewed. And the instability which maketh ye to fear, is the little waverings of balance by which I am assured.

And now the veil of silver tissue-stuff closes over him,

t about het a puple veil, t about het, a gelde veil. So hot wor the aliste ime i tike a hick wat of se from ead side ple stong two hards, t kins, t melt into one another, t mett away * And and the viels of Open again, the yest fort, the fulfy fort, the tiles fort, then is a comment Bayle, also the the Assignance eagles. And he comis:
All my strength & straling aire timed to the we of flight. For though any wings are of fin gold, yet any work is the beaut for scriptor. Slon auto hee, also being bon a a støble fødst moke hee wish of he filk henot; also dødst mok å inignit from he brost f * Mex on whites to show Igubolical that he bree i he saw a he tagle

& above that, a purple veil, & above that, a golden veil. So that now the whole stone is like a thick mat of woven gold-wires, & there come forth, one from each side of the stone, two women, & grasp each other by both hands, & kiss, & melt into one another, & melt away.* And now the veilsopen again, the gold parts, & the purple parts, & the silver parts, & there is a crowned eagle, also like the Assyrian eagles. And he cries: All my strength & stability is are turned to the use of flight. For though my wings are of fine gold, yet my heart is the heart of a scorpion. Glory unto thee, who being born in a stable didst make thee mirth of the filth thereof; also didst suck in iniquity from the breast of thy

^{*} These are intended to show symbolically that the Bull is the same as the Eagle.

with vingen of the bodies of they could with vingen of the bodies of they carebides. Mon did stille in the film the sheets with the doftight has was trubbed to shameless to warter in a Kace when four wass weet. Nese war thou defiled, o here way has slaw, & here wast how left to or. The droved stoke was brust through the bouck, they barts were cut that thrust into the work for dens cos. All my unity is feathers. Mobiled I hank to the in self is but intimit kunber. The with the Rose of the Cross, for he cross is extended out the whemost set bejord spour thine
their the Cusalet of the Selight.
Ston into Me Roy that is the
wint of sist of its centre, ever
as we so, Glon into the Roy thatis
Visit, he cit conspared fresh to
glos who he has hor is the

mother the harlot; who didst flood with iniquity the bodies of thy concubines. Thou didst lie in the filth of the streets with the dogs; thou wast tumbled & shameless & wanton in a place where four roads meet. There wast thou defiled, & there wast thou slain, & there wast thou left to rot. The charred stake was thrust through thy bowels, & thy parts were cut off, & thrust into thy mouth for derision. All my unity is dissolved; I live in the tips of my feathers. That which I think to be myself is but infinite number. Glory unto the Rose & the Cross, for the Cross is extended unto the uttermost end beyond space & time & being & Knowledge & delight. Glory unto the Rose that is the minute point of its center, even as we say, glory unto the Rose that is Nuit, the circumference of all, & glory unto the Cross that is the

Least of the Rose. Merefore do l

on alord, the scream is the
trible a he beleaving the breek i

he bass. I case is he lighest !

Deare i the losses, I feare is the

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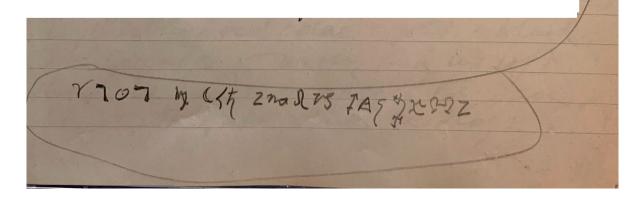
tache traps of the Scol of Jasman t

le harmer of Thor. Behold! I

blage won the! The early is gove it blage ups helis the eight of going it is orly a flowing for cross, of what briclian Il Cash thee up at hyter. For FALUTLI, FALUTLI, bit dies the it dies. Br. Salada. 1500: 28, 1909. 9.20-10.15, an. Y707 m (th znal 75 TAS \$2002

heart of the Rose. Therefore do I cry aloud, & my scream is the treble as the bellowing of the bull is the bass. Peace in the highest & peace in the lowest, & peace in the midst thereof. Peace in the eight quarters. Peace in the ten points of the Pentagram. Peace in the twelve rays of the Seal of Solomon, & peace in the four- & -thirty whirlings of the hammer of Thor. Behold! I blaze upon thee. [The eagle is gone; it is only a flaming Rosy Cross, of white brilliance.] I catch thee up into rapture. For FALUTLI, FALUTLI. O it \mathbb{H}_{e} it dies.

> Bou Sâada. Nov: 28, 1909. 9.30-10.15 a.m.



is called LIN. There come fruit its he store the on sterior table of forh-nine squares.

It is surrounded by an innumerable company of ought: These aegels an of all Kink, - some brillians + Rashing as Jobs, four to elemental cha tutes. the light comes t got a the tablet, t now it's stead, t I fercein that each letter of the tablet is composed of fort-wie other letter, is a larguaged which look like that of Honorities but when larguaged. He letter that I look at become udistrict at one, t was Next come an Ayel, I like the tablet with his wight wing. This Ayel has all Re colours laughet in his over; he head is from o beautiful; his head overs is follow + set of black; like Carcabes of water & in his last hard he has a far-pipe of the succe holy wetals, upon which he plays.



The Cry of the 22nd Æthyr, which is called LIN.

There comes first into the stone the mysterious table of forty-nine squares. It is surrounded by an innumerable company of angels; these angels are of all kinds, - some brilliant & flashing as gods, down to elemental creatures. The light comes & goes on the tablet, & now it's steady, & I perceive that each letter of the tablet is composed of forty-nine other letters, in a language which looks like that of Honorius. But when I would read, the letter that I look at becomes indistinct at once, & now there comes an Angel, & hides the tablet with his mighty wing. This Angel has all the colours mingled in his dress; his head is proud & beautiful; his headdress is of silver & red & blue & gold & black, like cascades of water, & in his left hand he has a pan-pipe of the seven holy metals, upon which he plays. I

Cannot tell so how worked the that and is, but it is so worked that that are only hier is ne's easy one cannot see any hing any work. bow he stops though, the some with his finger in the air. His fine was the part of the air. air. His figer leaves a trail of fire to become like a neb fraiglet light. Est through it all the feet. (I can't feerbe the this at all; for fourt represent about (mea i be box. For globe, sling to be he fiel won; of setat houspant as all or defat licious.) Aze not be strong he toblet again the soft of there are age work the formation is the loblet, so are there are against the toblet for are the soft of the formation of the course of the continuous in the protection is manifely in a grant of the continuous of the co Mus also are the Call 49, but to ead call here are 49 visions. Let ead biscin is composed of tag eleaent,

cannot tell you how wonderful the music is, but it is so wonderful that one only lives in one's ears; one cannot see anything any more. Now he stops playing, & moves with his finger in the air. His finger leaves a trail of fire of every colour, so that the whole air is become like a web of mingled lights. But through it all, drops dew. (I can't describe these things at all; dew doesn't represent what I mean in the least. For instance, these drops of dew are enormous globes, shining like the full moon; only perfectly transparent as well as perfectly luminous.) And now he shows the tablet again, & he says: As there are 49 letters in the tablet, so are there 49 kinds of cosmos in every thought of gGod. And there are 49 interpretations of every cosmos, & each interpretation is manifested in 49 ways. Thus also are the calls 49, but to each call these are 49 visions. And each vision is composed of 49 elements,

Least i he toth Acht, hat is

adentisit, that hath 42

All his about the cascate

A Toll, frier has be expelable for

a liftle dield. And hough the

Levert of the Left is so evorus,
one severies last hair separa tel. a will a le alide hiring cocorse fargel, relig tourst ac from even sight, they well who he surface of the egg, in which an standing is he form the got Ropeph, So that he suffere the If i all se fazzling blage to light for a with about the land the land the land the land the le want the land the le want the land the lan about. Dasuntes it be one sure, I that

except in the 10th Æthyr, that is accursèd, & that hath 42.

All this while, the dew-drops have turned into cascades of gold, finer than the eye-lashes of a little child. And though the extent of the Æthyr is so enormous, one perceives each hair separately, as well as the whole thing at once. And now there is a mighty concourse of angels, rushing toward me from every side, & they melt upon the surface of the egg, in which I am standing in the form of the god Kneph, so that the surface of the egg is all one dazzling blaze of liquid light. & now I move up against the Tablet. I cannot tell you with what rapture. And all the names of God, that are not known even to the angels, clothe me about.

All the seven senses are transmuted into one sense, & that

Sewe is fastuf is treff. -- [Here forum] let ne feclar it. o God; my break stops. Mett is no link between we the Paralli. I will fran my self. I see the Fable ofair. [He was belief le table fot a un long true! i klerable light; her har beer no such light is an of the Act to att and the table Naus ul bout it to itself; l'an ho carre. by arms alse out in Re form to cross that Cross and extared blagers aid light with infility. I wish an the wine test fourt in it. Mis is the Bish Form:as unnerse often frang-colores backs; it seems it is the sphere

sense is dissolved in itself . [Here ~ occurs]

Let me speak, O God;

let me declare it.

All It is useless; my heart faints, my breath stops. There is no link between me & the Ruach Perdurabo. I withdraw myself. I see the table again. [He was behind the table for a very long time. -(O.V.)] And all the table burns with intolerable light; there has been no such light in any of the Æthyrs until now. And now the Table draws me back into itself; I am no more.

My arms were out in the form of a cross, & that Cross was extended, blazing with light, into infinity. I myself am the minutest point in it.

This is the Birth of

Form:-

I am encircled by an immense sphere of many-coloured bands; it seems it is the sphere

I mes iost the bind of A. Nova le centre asthe we is a glowing sure: Metis with of hell bors all that supt away, was lette the tot and. It is the orrhe of the ton to sweep everthing away It he letter I in this telligh has Ties his oring & L is funt is confused, for l'invibed he trais!

That is d'orptron. Even A dept

whis beliebs this view is compted

by wind for it is by virtue of

mail that he enthre it, Jose or it so be het be fass on. Jet her to asking higher than self land read a as tille fable, for he lefters e Foble are see wrog. M. are only the shot my of That own. And velisto belief the table

of the Sephiroth projected in the three dimensions. This is the birth of death. Now in the centre within me is a glowing sun. That is the birth of hell. Now all that is swept away, washed away by the Table away. It is the virtue of the Table to sweep everything away. It is the letter I in this Æthyr that gives this vision, & L is its purity, & N is its energy. Now everything is confused, for I invoked the Mind that is disruption. Every Adept who beholds this vision is corrupted by mind. Yet it is by virtue of mind that he endures it, & passes on, if so be that he pass on. Yet there is nothing higher than this, for it is perfectly balanced in itself. I cannot read a word of the holy Table, for the letters of the Table are all wrong. They are only the shadows of shadows. And whoso beholdeth this Table

with his rapture i light. The the word for light bath sever letters. They are the same as ARARITA, traisunted. Men is a soul in this

Acthor, but it count be splen.

The oil was one can represent it

is a ceaseless huntering of the

word & men. It's not a repe tipia

A Amer, becase here's no true.

It is one Amer. contrinors. Shall wine ege fool

Shall wine ege fool

Not is late the ege is sevent,

for car accord and brishold why east
in this cricon. streaming with light for there are two block angle, beiling over me covering are with lein wings; southing are up into the farked to have tout our Father Christian Rosakrenty Screent the

with this rapture, is light. The true word for light hath seven letters. They are the same as ARARITA, transmuted.

There is a voice in this Æthyr, but it cannot be spoken. The only way one can represent it is as a ceaseless thundering of the word Amen. It's not a repetition of Amen, because there's no time. It is one Amen, continuous.

Shall mine eye fade
before thy glory? I am the eye.
That is why the eye is seventy.
You can never understand why, except
in this vision.

And now the Table recedes from me. Far, far it goes, streaming with light. And there are two black angels, bending over me, covering me with their wings; shutting me up into the darkness, & I am lying in the Pastos of our Father Christian Rosenkreutz, beneath the

ble å he Vailt of dever Like. And I hear hise words:

Me voice of the Crowner Chief,

Me Speed of the Babe Musici hister

a Mety of Blue. I boton we is

a flaming Ros, Cross of I have

Opened wine eye of the universe

is to stocked before we for force

is wine appear lege-list, to makes a

my Coner eye list. I gaze appoint

the soven space of Mere is wanger,

Me rest of it cones without

words. (and then spany) have gove fort to war, apa le sea, cronned with le ands. I for fort my fower t Le are broken. I wish Pour, the was spoud into five fast: leighe with we of le sors the home of the with he apa he throne thous; yether garafies up with me to me show play together is the

Table, in the Vault of Seven Sides. And I hear these words:

The voice of the Crowned Child, the Speech of the Babe that is hidden in the Egg of Blue. [Before me is the flaming Rosy Cross.] I have opened mine eye, & the universe is dissolved before me, for force is mine upper eye-lid, & matter is my lower eye-lid. I gaze upon into the Seven Space, & there is naught.

The rest of it comes without words.

(and then again) I have gone forth to war, & I have slain him that sat upon the sea, crowned with the winds. I put forth my power. & he was broken. I withdrew my power, & he was ground into fine dust. Rejoice with me, O ye Sons of the Morning; stand with me upon the Throne of Lotus; gather yourselves up unto me, & we shall play together in the

fields of Ciffer I have forset in the King for the west often by Faster. Ichold where an that he farkies the term to he lawer to the term to he lawer to this of for he are son in to the heart feath. Bris up your girdles foll weather for sulles with gardants of my wasfashing thouses. In he wight about will fame together to have a he will so to have the host was the so to have he had here tie. Come pushing back: it covers
the Whole store but this true cost
postes we of the it a brible
coming coin begone: Thorhat betaut the buston; her hat later of the sheet breat; there hast spilt the consum det aring!. Begone! For the vacie es accompained. Byou for

Fields of light. I have passed into the Kingdom of the West after my Father. Behold! where are now the darkness & the terror & the lamentation? For ye are born into the new Æon: ye shall not suffer death. Bind up your girdles of gold. Wreathe yourselves with garlands of my unfading flowers. In the nights when we will dance together, & in the morning we will go forth to war, for, as my Father liveth that was dead, so do I live, & shall never die.

And now the Table comes rushing back; it covers the whole stone, but this time it pushes me before it, & a terrible voice cries: Begone! Thou hast profaned the mystery; thou hast eaten of the shew-bread; thou hast spilt the consecrated wine! - Begone! For the Voice is accomplished. Begone! For

hat alid was open is short. At the shelt at avail to per it, saving a virtue of him whom have i bile, whom spirit is one, t along is ticitamen i Re, t alion formatetin i De; whose lifty is ohe alion to is the alion tou's Ore. For host that art pinel to the incorp in the heaven, how most accomplish the successful the successful took the contract on the successful to the successful the successful to the contract of the track from the successful back with thee but a little fort to the save dull be forkered, t Le shope revelles. Jur & This for the teproof, I for the stirring of to scorter on their adlety saorts are that, and this crion is concerted by the crion ay stone, even of being to

that which was open is shut. And thou shalt not avail to open it, saving by virtue of him whose name is one, whose spirit is one, & whose individuum is one, & whose permutation is one; whose light is one, whose life is one, whose love is one. For though thou art joined to the inmost mystery of the heaven, thou must accomplish the sevenfold task of the earth, even eEven as thou sawest the Angels, from the greatest unto the least. And of all this shalt thou take back with thee but a little part, for the sense shall be darkened, & the shrine reveiled. Yet know this for thy reproof, & for the stirring up of discontent in them whose swords are of lath, that in every word of this vision is concealed the key of many mysteries, even of being, & of knowledge, the plus; the will of consoll, at wis on, to silearly and of their what the than all hise. Begone to he he might bliff is faller upon thee. And the weil of light hiseth har which is. and that I subter? see the grapel as it is, I law very somewhal. There was be some than a way for can't stop him. Defet the soars is the sewing in farkenet. Bor- Laada, Mr. 28, 1909. 4[1-6, fm. (18%: - In dois come book à anjung fages: it; like førig from see consciou ces complétés + cuive liates.]

& of bliss; of will, of courage, of wisdom, and of silence, and of that which, being all these, is greater than all these. Begone! For the night of life is fallen upon thee. And the veil of light hideth that which is.

With that, I suddenly see the world as it is, & I am very sorrowful. There must be some reason, [__], why you can't stay here. Oh, yes! He says so; the sense is darkened.

Bou-Saada. Nov: 28, 1909. 4(?)-6, pm.

[Note: - You don't come back in anyway dazed; it is like going from one room into another. Regained normal consciousness completely & immediately.]

Compring myself to Heep (after Mrs Melligs) for a montain Rather like a misetime
of Abri- Sminel of Lhassa.

in the evening Composing myself to sleep (after this Aethyr)

I was shewn a great fortified entry-temple upon a mountain rather like a mixture of Abu-Simmel & Lhassa. I called ASP. Amyly and we know all le Likyr; hen i a san & absolute suptimes; no color, no tou, no substance. The shatous of fron ayel, suept along bo sound. Then's Smething very remoralers about the wind; passion-less, that is were terrible he a way, it's nene-shaking. It seems a of Something kept or trjing to sper behad the and, puil or it's about to spen, he effort's exhausted. He wint in us ord of lest there's no sure of any Kut concerted with the one does in eder feel it, for one i standay in from of it. Sow he thing spens behind just for a second, or I could a glimp se at he est of throw reported by springs. Fle this is black! harble, bool seen to han



The Cry of the 21st Æthyr, which is called ASP.

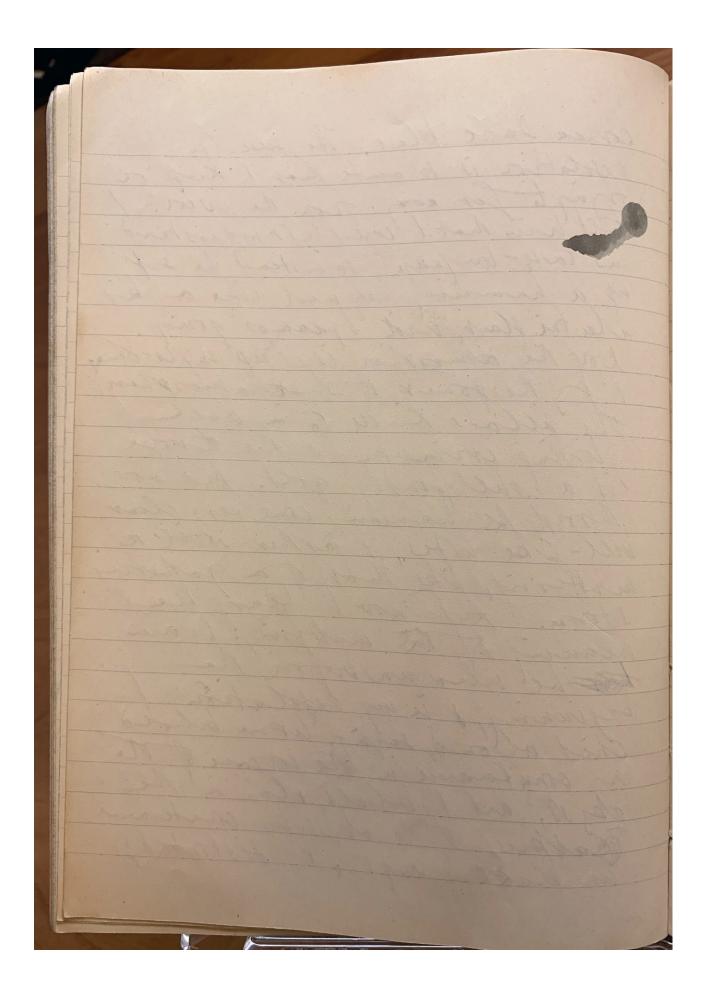
A mighty wind rolls through all the Æthyr; there is a sense of absolute emptiness; no colour, no form, no substance. Only now & then there seem as it were the shadows of great angels, swept along. No sound. There's something very remorseless about the wind, passion--less, that is very terrible. In a way, it's nerve-shaking. It seems as if something kept on trying to open behind the wind, & just as it is about to open, the effort's exhausted. The wind is not cold or hot; there's no sense of any kind connected with it. One does not even feel it, for one is standing in front of it. Now, the thing opens behind, just for a second, & I catch a glimpse of an avenue of pillars, & at the end a throne, supported by sphinxes. All this is black marble. Now I seem to have

gove knorge the gird, i to be ston-I fan betou de Misone beste that siten those on i invide. Jit is from him hat all this disolation proceeds. He is trying to wake we understand of frating to be in an Let hører sager, some taste har ! don't know at all; garlie, something west biter, the mux ormering another taste still with bither; lewor, Closes, rose-leaves, horey afair, the pince of some plans, like a danterlise, (Minite; horey again, salt, a haste something like those phothers; horey lawrel, a with upleasant to the, which I strike know, coffee, there a burning to the them a sorr to the 1. burning to the, bu a sorr tarte, har low four crow. All her faste issue from his eye; he kind of signal hor May are cen rout, from see his ges hor May are cen rout, from feet black apply project alite is is, I the

gone through the wind, & to be stan--ding before the throne; but he that sitteth thereon is invisible. Yet it is from him that all this desolation proceeds. He is trying to make me understand by putting tastes in my mouth, very rapidly one after the other. Salt, honey, sugar, assafoetida, bitu--men, honey again, some taste that I don't know at all; garlic, something very bitter, like nux vomica, another taste, still more bitter; lemon, cloves, rose-leaves, honey again; the juice of some plant, like a dande--lion, I think; honey again, salt, a taste something like phosphorus, honey, laurel, a very unpleasant taste which I don't know, coffee, then a burning taste, then a sour taste that I don't know. All these tastes issue from his eyes; he kind of signals them. I can see his eyes now. They are very round, perfectly black pupils, perfectly white iris, & the

Cornea fale blue. The save of lesolation is to aunte that I keep or trying to fet aung from the is con. I told him that I work from when should in taste-larguage, so instead be suf-up a humany ver much like a bej when the plant, with pramos going. bou he almosthen is deep up its-blugg to the forex of that almosthen, the selans Kindle to a duel glowing crimson, the throw is a full prost, golf. And now, through the humaning come very clear bell-ike uster, t farther stril a untering, like that of a gathering storm. At now I hear the meaning of the untering: I am The also was befor he chit about, saying, likme behold my constance in the concome of the aby ss, and I belieft, to! in 1 was black, rupt, t distorted;

cornea pale blue. The sense of desolation is so acute that I keep on trying to get away from the vision. I told him that I could not understand his taste-language, so instead he set up a humming very much like a big electric plant, with dynamos going. Now the atmosphere is deep night-blue., & by the power of that atmosphere, the pillars kindle to a dull glowing crimson, & the throne is a dull, ruddy gold. And now, through the humming, come very clear bell-like notes, & farther still a muttering, like that of a gathering storm. And now I hear the meaning of the muttering: I am Lor he who was before the beginning, & in my desolation I cried aloud, saying, let me behold my countenance in the concave of the abyss, and I beheld, & lo! in the dDarkness of the abyss my countenance was black, & empty, & distorted;



one juvisible hat was institute, I fine. Men (closed will ege, that I wight us behold it is wither that one glave of my mine eye eye shove destroy it. And mine eye that with the wind that for the fore of the vion then fore to I gaze with the two types throughout he also to their as the sor one of all my adepts that still come and me, t cut of mine ex-liss, that I wan believed r destroy! bout I take a day ger to at of he ep-list but they and fadamant. And he edge Atte dagger is tuned that tears Top from his eye, + Alex is a honnfel vois; & it hat been exer; & purt it ever be! Though Mor hast he strengt of fue bull, Mor shaft will in this. Las I Soit to hin: Who shall avail? At he assued we: I know

that was (once) invisible invisible, & pure. Then I closed mine eye, that I might not behold it, & for this was it fixed. Now it is written, that one glance of mine eye shall destroy it. And mine eye I dare not open, because of the foulness of the vision. Therefore do I gaze with these two eyes throughout the æon. Is there not one of all my adepts that shall come unto me, & cut off mine eye-lids, that I may behold & destroy? Now I take a dagger, & searching out his third eye, seek to cut off the eye-lids, but they are of adamant. And the edge of the dagger is turned. And tears drop from his eyes, & there is a mournful voice; So it hath been ever; so must it ever be! Though thou hast the strength of five bulls, thou shalt not avail in this. And I said to him: Who shall avail? And he answered me: I know not.

But he taffer of perame har shall sharper the edge swee truies by the Sever ordeal. I ore keeps one looking berain of the tenor of it. But bothing dranger at all. Nothing but he east throne, I the go, I he are a pillars. I still I said to him: The hor that air the point conference or for twie; hor of whom it is ander that the tod, is one, he is the itemal one, without equal ron, or companion.

Whing shall stand before his

face. All we have hard of theire

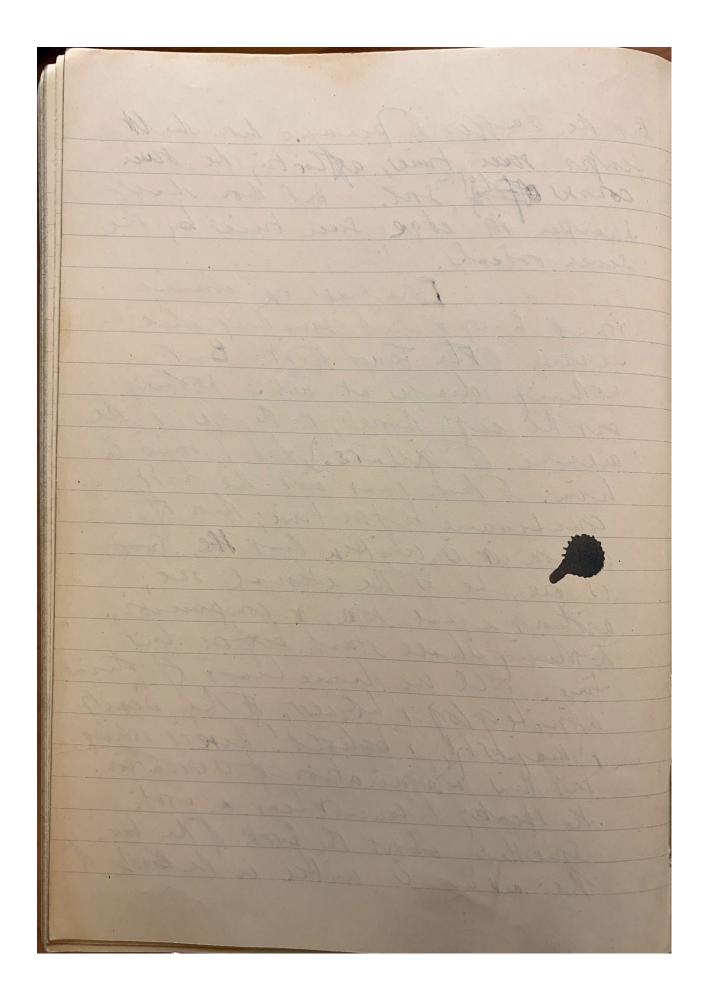
whinte gloop & herier, of My beauty

or major he, & believes! Mere is wishing

but his abone a hor of derelation. Ke speak; I camet bear a word; Southing odort the book of he law. The and wir a wither in the Book of

But the dagger of penance thou shalt temper seven times, afflicting the seven courses of thy of thy soul. And thou shalt sharpen its edge seven times by the seven ordeals.

One keeps on looking round to try to find something else because of the terror of it. But nothing changes at all. Nothing but the empty throne, & the eyes, & the avenue of pillars!] And I said to him: O thou that art the first countenance before time; thou of whom it is written that hHe, God, is one, he is the eternal one, without equal, son, &or companion. Nothing shall stand before his face. All we have heard of thine infinite glory & holiness, of thy beauty & majesty, & behold! There is nothing but this abomination of desolation. He speaks; I cannot hear a word; something about the Book of the Law. The answer is written in the Book of



Mis is a long speed all com lear is: Fox me four down from Ande earl from au fer Anon le miers of where toil turne. From we comen fork the wind that beant he seed of theer flowers r twits race belos upon its bosom. From me couch fort he eart in her coned from me; hargly comed to me.

Meret on am I lovely rhorrible to.

Mis profitable throne. Only thorre who aucht wohing from we can bring aughting to me. He goes or speaking ogan; (can't bear a work. (can't brave got what, a true tikk of what le said. And I say to him: h the and wither that his wave is Alene. Bet ha speakert continually. And he awars: von. He unterry that those leasest is not my voice. It is the voice of the app. When I say Not

the Law, or something of that sort. This is a long speech; all that I can hear is: From me pour down down the fires of life & increase continually upon the earth. From me flow down the rivers of water & oil & wine. From me cometh forth the wind that beareth the seed of trees & flowers & fruits & all herbs upon its bosom. From me cometh forth the earth in her unspeakable variety. Yea! All cometh from me, naught cometh to me. Therefore am I lonely & horrible upon upon this brothers unprofitable throne. Only those who accept nothing from me can bring anything to me. He goes on speaking again; I can't hear a word. I must have got about a twentieth of what he said. And I say to him: It now was written that his name is Silence. But thou speakest continually. And he answers: Nay. The muttering that thou hearest is not my voice. It is the voice of the ape. When I say that

he awars, it wears that its the saws vous. Wie being or the throw has wit whered a and by I say: o that the ope hut speaked for him whose have it silent, how that I know hat hor speakert me his hoyle. I be mustering continue; in speaked be, nor hinked sole that which I say is true, because I he, Speaking his Monghts. Ke the goe or working JAS him as all undering to for 1 har I could bear him at all. Nor he wettering ha leased, or is overabelied by the bell, + he bell a heir tun an ourthatud & le alimini, r now de whiring is our liel uned by the sileme. I he blue tights is Jose, + he brone + the fillows are returned to blakers, Me Riose are no mon visibly. I seek to go of close

he answers, it means that it is the same voice. The being on the throne hasn't uttered a word. & so I say: O that thou ape that speakest for him whose name is silence, how shall I know that thou speakest truly his thought? & the muttering continues; Nor speaketh he nor thinketh. So & that which I say is true, because I lie, in speaking his thoughts.

He goes on, nothing stops him at all, muttering so fast that I cannot hear him at all.

Now the muttering has ceased, or is overwhelmed by the bells, & the bells in their turn are overwhelmed by the whirring, & now the whirring is overwhelmed by the silence. & the blue light is gone, & the throne & the pillars are returned to blackness, & the eyes of him that sitteth upon the throne are no more visible.

I seek to go up close

to the throng of an pushed back, because I cannot quie the signs I know, t on er tilled to, I have thet to qui le tije hat I kap , t am not entitled to, but have not the helessan appir terance i en if!
had, it wores be unter, for here
an two more tija cecessor,

(frigthap! was wrong in Engastring that a thater of Net Temple had a right to enter Ne temples of a Projer or an (psissium. Of the contrang, the mle that bolds below, bolds also above. He leigher jor go, he queter is he distance from one Arade to another. I law being Nowly purhed backwards four the andwer out into the wind. I thin trail I am cought of he and I abouted away of our is the a dead lest. Little great And snups broughte wind, o

to the throne, & I am pushed back, because I cannot give the sign.

I have given all the signs I know & am entitled to, & I have tried to give the sign that I know, & am not entitled to, but have not the necessary appurtenance; & even if I had, it would be useless; for there are two more signs necessary.

I find that I was
wrong in suggesting that a Master of
the Temple had a right to enter
the temple of a Magus or an
Ipsissimus. On the contrary, the
rule that holds below, holds also
above. The higher you go, the
greater is the distance from one
grade to another. & I am
being slowly pushed backwards
down the avenue, out into the wind.
& this time I am caught up by
the wind, & whirled away down it
like a dead leaf. And a great
Angel sweeps through the wind, &

Catales hold of my , I bears we Spagawit it. be he sets are. This, or he wither ride of the wind fort it the world o Knie i four trues blessed also hat gazed upon the homo of the brehier of the first. lo war short look upon hi face or him. And though hour seen his eyes, t und erstoot his heart, for the voil of the ope is the folia of his heart, the boloming of his breast. So, then for the orie for thor art the forflet of the aen ansaf aleren He is ust.

Saie there frais outs My las, Norther to one that her book Madis, Mar one for thee o by bate, o the wieners of he orded x. And with that we an cone to be unce the Achy, y Mest is a little hannor gate of the pershes we know it, + 1 am suffered in the feart.

Me sunt, war * bor-facto. Nr: 29 (909.

1.30-2.50, pn. 1.

catches hold of me, & bears me up against it. & he sets me down on the hither side of the wind, & he whispers in my ear: Go thou forth into the world, O thrice & four times blessed who hast gazed upon the horror of the loneliness of *The #First. No man shall look upon his face & live. And thou hast seen his eyes, & understood his heart, for the voice of the ape is the pulse of his heart, & the labouring of his breast. Go, therefore, & rejoice, for thou art the prophet of the Æon arising, wherein hHe is not. Give thou praise unto thy lady Nuite, Nuit, & unto her lord Hadit, that are for thee & thy bride, & the winners of the ordeal X.

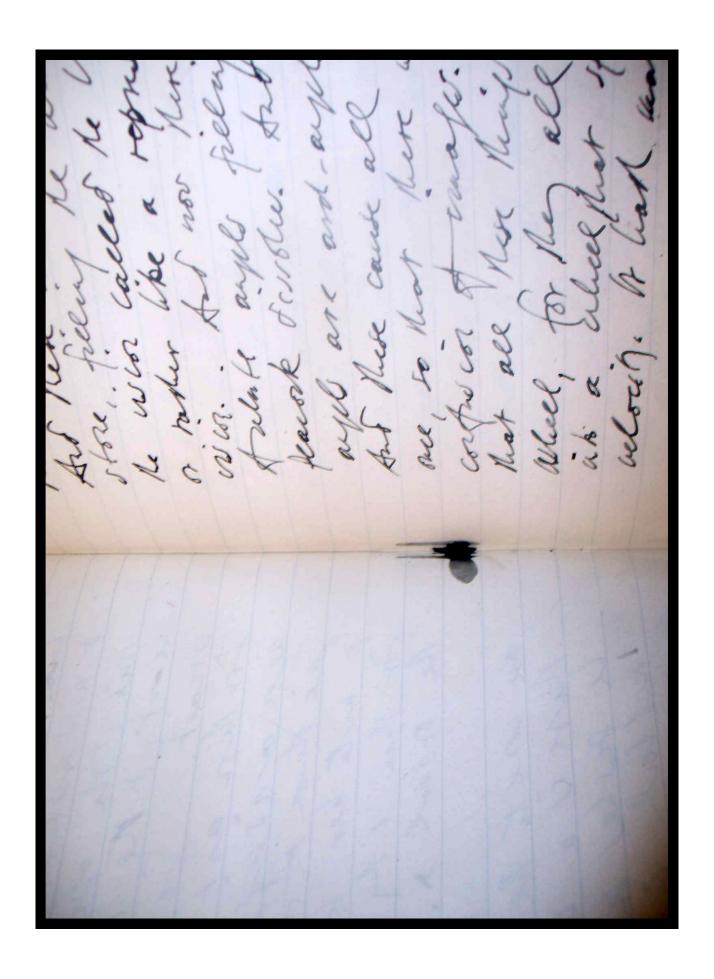
And with that, we are come to the wall of the Æthyr, & there is a little narrow gate, & he pushes me through it, & I am suddenly in the desert.

The desert, near *Bou-Saada. Nov: 29, 1909.

1.30-2.50 p.m. .

*

This night I took the shew-stone to my breast to sleep, and immediately a Dhyana arose of the Sun, seen more clearly afterward as the Star. Exceeding was its brilliance



The Con of the 28h Actyr, which is called KHR. The dew hat was upon he face of the store is gone, t it is become like a foot of clear golden water. And now he light is come into heros, Cross. for all par I see is the right, with the stars Mercin, a Key appear hory a telescope. And then comet a fearook into the store, filling te aliste tire. It is like Le vision called le Universal fromt, or rather like a representation of hear's vision. And now here are courters don't Aulate angle fieling he Arie as the fearook distolus that wor belief the agel are and agels, with transets. And These cause all things to appear at one, so hat here is a tremendor contración of imago. And nor! ferrene hat all her himp an bet will of the Wheel, for her all gather hemselves wheel, for her all gather hemselves is a wheel that spins with inconsible is a wheel that spins with inconsible welowing. It had many colons, but all



The Cry of the 20th Æthyr, which is called KHR.

The dew that was upon the face of the stone is gone, & it is become like a pool of clear golden water. And now the light is come into the Rosy Cross. Yet all that I see is the night, with the stars therein, as they appear through a telescope. And there cometh a peacock into the stone, filling the whole Aire. It is like the vision called the Universal Peacock, or rather like a representation of that vision. And now there are countless clouds of white angels filling the Aire as the peacock dissolves. And now behind the angels are arch-angels with trumpets. And these cause all things to appear at once, so that there is a tremendous confusion of images. And now I perceive that all these things are but veils of the wheel, for they all gather themselves into a wheel that spins with incredible velocity. It hath many colours, but all

Hillet with alaste light, so hat beg are bas facut & luminow. Min one aleel. is fort- hime aleel, set at & offerent ayles, so that they contose a sphere; lad abeel has forg-une spoker, I ha forg-une concertin pres, at equal distance from the centre. And abuncan the mys from any two wheel weet, then is a blisting flash of flog. It aust be udurstood hat hough so would totail is crisible in the wheel, get at the same tring the inpursion is of a single, ringle triple toget. At seens that his about is being spin of a hard. And hory to wheel free kealiste Air, get he hard is wend begger han he wheel. It hough this is no senous with it, or rolemnit It seems hat he had is spicing He abel werely for Hearn, - it whiles be better to say, aunsement. I vous Comes: For le is a jount, and a Faddy god, this layther is the vibration of all that exists, and he earth quakes of

thrilled with white light, so that they are transparent & luminous. This one wheel is forty-nine wheels, set at different angles, so that they compose a sphere; each wheel has forty-nine spokes, & has forty-nine concentric tyres at equal distances from the centre. And wherever the rays from any two wheels meet, there is a blinding flash of glory. It must be understood that though so much detail is visible in the wheel, yet at the same time the impression is of a single, simple object. And it seems that this wheel is being spun by a hand. And though the wheel fills the whole Aire, yet the hand is much bigger than the Wwheel. And though this vision is so great and splendid, yet there is no seriousness with it, or solemnity. It seems that the hand is spinning the wheel merely for pleasure, it would be better to say amusement. A voice comes: For he is a jocund and a ruddy god, & his laughter is the vibration of all that exists, and the earthquakes of

the soil. One is covain of the aliming the aduced Brilling on the little an electric Sidneyer passing Know one. Mul, alid have been interprets as
the Sworded Splining, Herman bis t Typhon. And Mat is wrong. He vin I he wheel is a vint emerald suake; in the centre of the abcel is a scarber beaut, to impossible to explain a it is easier of the beaut the gree the subse an jet more onet har to blushing about brillians A he wheel. The type or the wheel are for ker than the about thelf; is fort, My one stonis afor the finity of the while I forthat reason, I because the whilling of the wheel, I cannot se hen. But at he top seems to be the Land + Play, such an one seed or Some Christian medols, tone of the lower Mings is a aslf. Mee Mer afrance. Mee hands & Flag symbol is word

the soul. One is conscious of the whirring of the wheel thrilling one, like little an electric discharge passing through one.

Now I see the figures on the wheel, which have been interpreted as the sworded Sphinx, Hermanubis & Typhon. And that is wrong. The rim of the wheel is a vivid emerald snake; in the centre of the wheel is a scarlet heart, & , impossible to explain as it is, the scarlet of the heart & the green of the snake are yet more vivid than the blinding white brilliance of the wheel.

The figures on the wheel are darker than the wheel itself; in fact, they are stains upon the purity of the wheel, & for that reason, & because of the whirling of the wheel, I cannot see them. But at the top seems to be the Lamb & Flag, such as one sees on some Christian medals, & one of the lower things is a wolf, and the other a raven. The Lamb & Flag symbol is much

brighter has the other two. It keeps on growing orighter, while won it is
brighter has the wheel Melf, to
occupies a sort spore hear is ord.

As It speaks: I am he greatest of
hee diccioers, for my furity and innoverce
shall sedace he sure and innoverce,
who but for me should come to the
centre of the wheel. He wolf betrapp or he greed, or he Treasherow;
he rawen betrog forty he welandog f
the dishorest. But I am he of whom
it is written: He shall deceive the ven elect. For in the beginning the Father of all called forth ging
spirits that he might sift the
over ture of the earth in Mese seiver,
according to the three inpure sorts.

And he chook he work for the bust of
the flesh, the taken for the bust of the
wind, but we did be chook above all to simulate the fun proupting of the soul. Then that are facter a frey to the ast of the raver (have

brighter than the other two. It keeps on growing brighter, until now it is brighter than the wheel itself, & occupies more space than it did. And it speaks: I am the greatest of the deceivers, for my purity and innocence shall seduce the pure and innocent, who but for me should come to the centre of the wheel. The wolf betrayeth only the greedy & the treacherous; the raven betrayeth only the melancholy & the dishonest. But I am he of whom it is written: He shall deceive the very elect. For in the beginning the Father of all called forth lying spirits that they might sift the creatures of the earth in three sieves, according to the three impure souls. And he chose the wolf for the lust of the flesh, & the raven for the lust of the mind; but me did he choose above all to simulate the pure prompting of the soul. Them that are fallen a prey to the wolf & the raven I have

not scathed, but her hat have rejeted ue, I have given over to the wrath of the one have tom them, the beak of the other has twongers. Misafore is my flag white, because ! have left usthing whom the earth plive. I have feartest my self or the blood of the saints but I am want for my fleere is whith, I warm, I my teen are nor the teen of one that teament flesh, I mais eye are will, I they know he nor the during the Ging sprits that he froster fork from bostore his face in the beginning. Ethis at ribution is salt; the work westing the tance sulphus.) bor Me land grows swall again. Men is again asthing but the wheel, the hour that alisheth it. but [soid: "By Neword of poner, Abble in the voice of the traver; by the word that is saw, to are in stock, to the

not scathed; but them that have rejected me, I have given over to the wrath of the raven & the wolf. And the jaws of the one have torn them, & the beak of the other has devoured the corpse. Therefore is my flag white, because I have left nothing upon the earth alive. I have feasted myself on the blood of the saints, but I am not suspected of men to be their enemy, for my fleece is white & warm, & my teeth are not the teeth of one that teareth flesh; & mine eyes are mild, & they know me not the chief of the lying spirits that the Father of all sent forth from before his face in the beginning. [His attribution is salt; the wolf mercury, & the raven sulphur.] Now the lamb grows small again, there is again nothing but the wheel, & the hand that whirleth it. And I said: "By the word of power, double in the voice of the Master; by the word that is seven, & one in seven, & by the

That I tamble word 210, I beseed

Thee, O my lord, to great me the

vision of the glory" And all the

ms of the aluel strong out at me,

the an blooked to blinded with the

light. I am cought up is the What. I am one with he what. Lan greater har the wheel. In the airlist of a wy past lightwings / stand, to behold his face. I am Morum violent of back or to the larth etdly second, so that I can't fust concertrate. light flam & pale gold But its tradiant force keeps histing we back. As (say: By the wort to the will; by the femand to the frager, but we believe the face. | conful this; him confusion of prisonalities. (who speak to you, see what (fell for par (who see him, caucht areaconicate it to the see him, caucht areaconicate it to use, also speck to got.

great and terrible word 210, I beseech thee, O my Lord, to grant me the vision of thy glory." And all the rays of the wheel stream out at me, & I am blasted & blinded with the light. I am caught up into the wheel. I am one with the wheel. I am greater than the wheel. In the midst of a myriad lightnings I stand, & I behold his face. I am thrown violently back on to the earth every second, so that I can't just quite concentrate.

All one gets is a liquid flame of pale gold. But its radiant force keeps hurling me back. And I say: By the word & the will, by the penance & the prayer, let me behold thy face. I can't explain this, there's confusion of personalities. I who speak to you, see what I tell you, but I who see him, cannot communicate it to me, who speak to you.

sun at wood that wifts be who the substance of him. But the Gilt is without want of the å le Chanishads. Ans from this vision have come all the legends of banks and Cribina and Ad bris. For the introssion is of a good, faming to unding weeki. But you was t autir. - start that he is not boung that, for he is still. Free the hard that tuns he wheel is not his hourd, At and it is the dance of Sliver. The bowealt his feet, Kin saint, his victim. Let by form is he form of the god Phtale, the way
essence, but the form of the god
sob in we form. Les this is the
reason of existence, hat when this
fance which is selight then west weds be bot the god and the ATTO. Also heeath bushfis a sacist, + he see + the wood

If one could gaze upon the sun at noon, that might be like the substance of him. But the light is without heat. It is the vision of Ut in the Upanishads. And from this vision have come all the legends of Bacchus and Krishna and Adonis. For the impression is of a youth, dancing & making music. But you must under--stand that he is not doing that, for he is still. Even the hand that turns the wheel is not his hand, but only a hand energized by him. And now it is the dance of Shiva. I lie beneath his feet, his saint, his victim. And mMy form is the form of the God Phtah, in my essence, but the form of the god Seb in my form. And this is the reason of existence, that which in this dance which is delight there must needs be both the god and the Adept. Also the earth herself is a saint, & the sun & the moon

fance upor her, for turing her with fælight. Mis vision is not for fect.

I am orly in the orter court of the vision, because I have autertaken it is he service of the Koly one, t must retain sense t speether. bo recorded vision is pirfect, of high viscous, for the seer and keep eiler his Physical of ans is working or fer, or his memory that reither is capable. Minis no bridge. The can only be conscious tore thing at a time t as the conscious insur carer to the Osion it loses

con trol of the Physical t went of.

Even so, the body the wind what

be very firstent exton any thing can

be obse, or the every of the vicor

way seet the body into space, to

the wind into insanity. This is

why the first vicory que aranda,

which is a shock. When the

Adopt is absured to faceast his,

there is but doubless feare. dance upon her, torturing her with delight. This vision is not perfect. I am only in the outer court of the vision, because I have undertaken it in the service of the Holy One, & must retain sense & speech. No recorded vision is perfect, of high visions, for the seer must keep either his physical organs in working order, or his memory. & And neither is capable. There is no bridge. One can only be conscious of one thing at a time, & as the consciousness moves nearer to the vision, it loses control of the physical & mental. Even so, the body & the mind must be very perfect before any thing can be done, or the energy of the vision may send the body into spasms, & the mind into insanity. This is why the first visions give ananda, which is a shock. When the Adept is attuned to Samadhi, there is but cloudless peace.

Mus wood is four Freelands Threalt to get into, because the is Les Mentre Me hawan ego is being constantly spated, so that are comes back so of ten. In acertric meditation-practice like haha satterpathana ont to be fore out or invocation of the Koly Suas fra Argel, so hat the ejo was be ver kats to sielt itself when to the beloved. Aut nov. le breeze is blowing about as, like the sight A Cove, awatts fred or sate fied. His hips would commot son the words at first. And ofter words, Sholt how not bring the children of wen to the sight of my glog? "orl by sileace to they speed"
That worship we armit: For a I am the last, to an I the west, t as the west and there tever are to the authibiti fear aft for any les

This vision is particularly difficult to get into, because He is I. And herefore the human ego is being constantly excited, so that one comes back so often. An acentric meditation-practice like mahasatipatthana ought to be done before invocations of the Holy Guardian Angel, so that the ego may be very ready to yield itself utterly to the beloved.

And now the breeze is blowing about us, like the sighs of love unsatisfied - or satisfied.

His lips move. I cannot say the words at first. And afterwords, "Shalt thou not bring the children of men to the sight of my glory? "Only thy silence & thy speech that worship me avail." "For as I am the last, so am I the next, & as the next wilt shalt thou reveal me to the multitude.' Fear not for aught; turn not aside aside for aught,

Recurité of Nait, apostle of Had ct, worker of Ra Hoor Klan. The Leaven taket, the broad shall be sweet; Mu ferment worket, t the wine shall be sweet. My sacraments are vigorous food out June wather, Come with cal, O Je dulter of men; Come unto al in whom I am, is whom ye are,

For you were ye only alibe with."

The Effe Most abidet is lightly."

fle his time I have, been fating away. I suk. He will fingly kome forwar a tell blue gray, with one fectogram is he wist fit, was tery & tall. Ast I post to apside these for a while bottone I come book to the earth, I but short are the window, I have No the pertagram is faded; Beak black cross feel he terry + It was obre.

eremite of Nuit, apostle of Hadit, warrior of Ra Hoor Khu. The leaven taketh, & the bread shall be sweet; the ferment worketh, & the wine shall be sweet. My sacraments are vigorous food and divine madness. Come unto me, O ye children of men; come unto me, in whom I am, in whom ye are, for ye were ye only alive with the life that abideth in Light."

All this time I have been fading away. I sink. The veil of night comes down, a dull blue grey, with one pentagram in the midst of it, watery & dull.

And I was am to abide there for a while before I come back to the earth. [But shut me the window up; hide me from the sun. Oh, shut the window.*]

Now, the pentagram is faded; black, black crosses fill the Æthyr,

^{*} It was done.

probusel flowing Linkslowing, In hit Nere's a retwork. His all bank now. I am ging exp -hanted, with the spanp et gett the show-store outing wito my foreleast. Bon - Saada. Nr: 30, 1909. 9.15-60.50, a.m. . gradually growing & interlacing, until there's a network. It's all dark now. I am lying ex-hausted, with the sharp edge & of the shew-stone cutting into my forehead.

Bou-Sâada. Nov: 30, 1909. 9.15-10.50 a.m.

Via Vila Ventas Vietoria Vita 28,100 128=1+2+4+)+14 Besides the A = A Symbolism the perfect Wunder after 0+1+2+3+4+5+6+7 Sun of 1st & runders 1:= 17 = 418

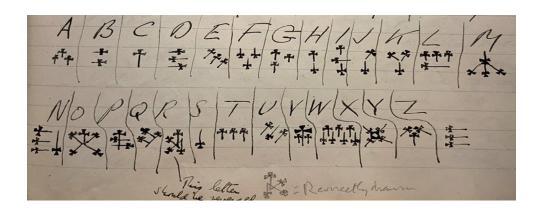
is called POP. beigh Ashyr, which He face of he store to four belief t above,
Then comply a black cross, reading across te ulible stori; her a golder Cross, not so large. Let here is a writing in an and that spans, the cross, he an Tomes of which the letters are all arayet. Art the uniting is: " worship in the bot , the things of the bot knows in the wind the things of the wind: working a he spirit he him of the spirit. ABCOEFGHIMA ABCOE OPQRSTUVWX Strale to reverely drawn

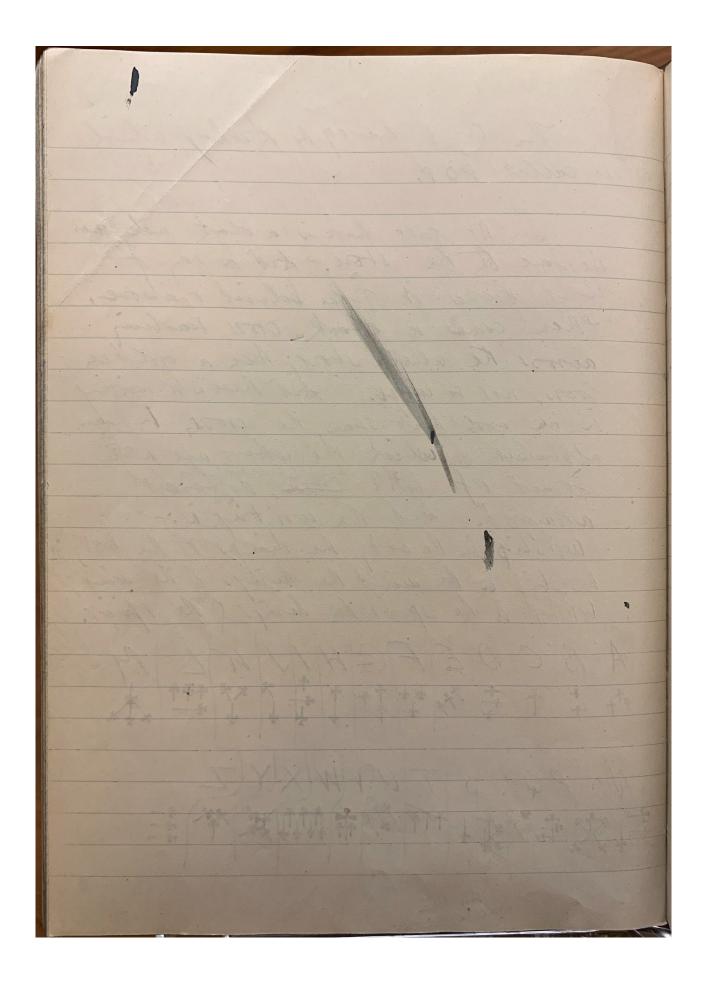


The Cry of the 19th Æthyr, which is called POP.

At first there is a black web over the face of the stone. And aA ray of light pierces it from behind & above.

Then comesth a black cross, reaching across the whole stone; then a golden cross, not so large. And there is a writing in an arch that spans the cross, in an alphabet in which the letters are all formed of little erosses daggers, cross-hilted, differently arranged. And the writing is:
Worship in the body the things of the body; worship in the mind the things of the mind; worship in the spirit the things of the spirit.





wither by scients, but is, by hore also are imprire. I trapure every hought is followed to another thought, or who confre the higher with le lover; le abstance with the shadow. a shadow, for the shadow of a won is not be shadow of an ape.

Note the his has come to me without voice, without is con, aideas Morght.) The show-store is present upon in foreleas, or causes vitur fair; a 1 70 a from Acoty to Acht, it seems wire d'othicult to open le techyr. The Jolde cross ha become a like narrow stor, tan old wan it to come out. I ak him for atuission, the shake his head City, + says: It is lest quier to Flesh + blood to until the unstenes

(This holy alphabet must be written by sinners, that is, by those who are impure.) Impure

'Impure' means those whose every thought is followed by another thought, or who confuse the higher with the lower, the substance with the shadow. Every Æthyr is truth, though it be but a shadow, for the shadow of a man is not the shadow of an ape.

(Note:- All this has come to me without voice, without vision, without thought.)

The shew-stone is pressed upon my forehead & causes intense pain; as I go on from Æthyr to Æthyr, it seems more difficult to open the Æthyr.

The golden cross has become a little narrow door, & an old man like the Hermit of the Taro has opened it & come out. I ask him for admission: & he shakes his head kindly, & says: It is not given to flesh & blood to unveil the mysteries

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who so extract here may were look or

lift again with squal eges. I insit.

The little gak is quarted to a great

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but the faller awa; hen is a

blass of the charists of the horse wer;

in in hotel is tasing the kears a funise butty is rajue De Lean ushing but the class of teel, the dejling the chargers, othe strick even encounter, I are transled pel; Ren an infinite reserve. to for this is not a battle between two Free, bet a mêlel is which earl unmist fights for hunself agains! all the others. I cannot see one who has ever one ally. Let the hog in the charists. For a soon as My an enjoyed is fighting their our

of the Æthyr, for therein are the chariots of fire, & the tumult of the horsemen, whoso entereth here may never look on life again with equal eyes. I insist. The little gate is guarded by a great green dragon, & now the whole wall is suddenly fallen away; there is a blaze of the chariots & the horsemen; a furious battle is raging. One hears nothing but the clash of steel, & the neighing of the chargers, & the shrieks of the wounded. A thousand fall at every encounter, & are trampled under foot. Yet the Æthyr is always full; there are infinite reserves.

No; that is all wrong, for this is not a battle between two forces, but a mélée in which each warrior fights for himself against all the others. I cannot see one who has even one ally. And the least fortunate, who fall soonest, are those in the chariots. For as soon as they are engaged in fighting, their own

chandteer, stab her a he back. both field here is a great tree, like a Climar-tree. In it bears faits, I how all he armines and dead, and he are facher. The promit is conered with here. The facher with here of the facher with here. The facher of the fach with Men is a talph in any ear. Mis is the tree of life. Jot sibek utt he head of a like crocofile. His head is gray the timet - was this joint stell whole fire. As he counter to abole tree, the round, t everything. For the Ayel of the Acting to who is the the Ayel of the fourteent the fourteent blue wings blue Abe, he saw in her girth, like a brood. As the two oses cents the won shaper isto sachall for bet fret. Her hair of Houring wed,

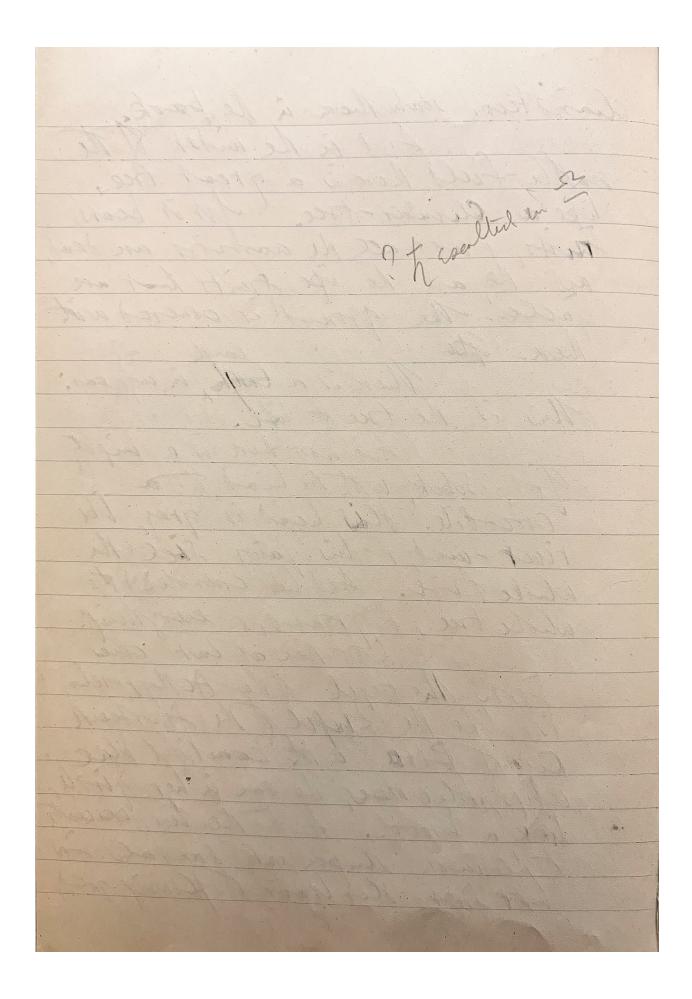
charioteers stab them in the back.

And in the midst of the battle-field there is a great tree, like a chinar-tree. Yet it bears fruits. And now all the warriors are dead, & they are the ripe fruits that are fallen. The ground is covered with them. The

There is a laugh laugh in my right ear: This is the tree of life.

And now there is a mighty god, Sebek, with the head of a crocodile. His head is gray, like river-mud, & his jaws fill the whole Aire. And he crunches up the whole tree, & the ground & everything.

Now then at last comes forth the Angel of the Æthyr, who is like the Angel of the fourteenth Key of Rota, with beautiful blue wings, blue robes, the sun in her girdle like a brooch. And the two crescents of the moon shapen into sandals for her feet. Her hair is of flowing gold,



lad sparkle as a star. In her hours

Ne tord & Pendape + Me cap of

Circe. The comes r hisse me or Me work to says: blessed art hor who hast belief Sobok my forth in his glory. Them are the champion of life, but ask who set by the lance of tead. Many are the children of the lift, but their existable all be fut out to the theorem, borknes. Wary are the senants of Core, but four that is work and the angle but love that is work and and the senants of the but love that is not quended by aight but love shall be put out, as a due't taken he write of a taper between his hand + finger, by the Job that stated above. It a Chry saukemmen of radicant light, is a Kiss, & or it is the wonof raw 1. H. S. We WARN 1. H. S. mean in Hoministic Salles in all histor Houising Summer, and I mayo Hominis for way Mer meanings but they are imply this one thing that

each sparkle as a star. In her hands are the torch of Penelope & the cup of Circe. She comes & kisses me on the mouth, & says: Blessed art thou who hast beheld Sebek my Lord in his glory. Many are the champions of life, but all are unhorsed by the lance of death. Many are the children of the light, but their eyes shall all be put out by the Mother, Darkness. Many are the servants of love, but love that is not quenched by aught but love shall be put out, as the child taketh the wick of a taper between his thumb & finger, by the god that sitteth alone.

And on her mouth, like a chrysanthemum of radiant light, is a kiss, & on it is the monogram I.H.S.

The letters I.H.S. mean In Homini #i
Salutius and Instar Hominis Summus,
and Imago Hominis [for man among God]. Deus. deuS.

And there are many, many other meanings,
but they all imply this one thing, that
nothing is of any importance but man;

There is no hope or help but in weak. Ard she sogs: Sucet -et from star to star. Sweet are my Kise, o horselolder, het weathert within four walls. Mor art sent is thin My brain t my shaft hercette. It then art free, free. Mine a he trafor hat eatest up the wood. And is my shaft is it concertrated,

t bound up. See how all around

thee gather my womans, strong knights
in pool & aroung really for war.

Jolk upon my crown; It is above the stars. Believed the glow the blush herest. Hose dennes of truck for though Res lan also he frill of the line of the Muse this have I come who are he sevant of then then the there is the hosp

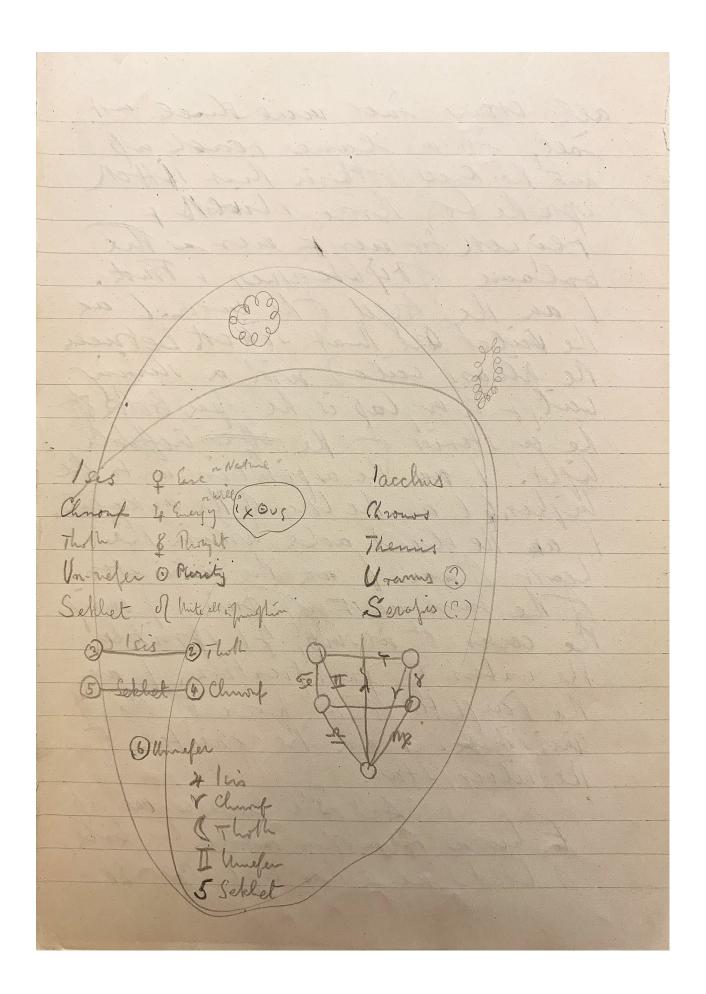
there is no hope or help but in man.

And she says: Sweet are my kisses, O wayfarer, that wander--est from star to star. Sweet are my kisses, O householder that weariest within four walls. Thou art pent within thy brain, & my shaft pierceth it, & thou art Free free. Thine imagination eateth up the universe as the dragon that eateth up the moon. And in my shaft is it concentrated, & bound up. See how all around thee gather my warriors, strong knights in goodly armour, ready for war. Look upon my crown; it is above the stars. Behold the glow & the blush. thereof! Upon thy cheek is the breeze that stirs those plumes of truth. For though I am the Angel of the fourteenth Key, I am also the Angel of the eighth Key. And from the love of the these two have I come, who am the warden of RPopé & the servant of them that dwell therein. Though

all crown fact, wine shall not fall, for an slame reach up huto he kneed of their hist 1ften upor he hos home rhiblest for regall for ever & ever a the Lan Re Ayel the moon lan the Files out hat sitest between Re fillars will a stemmy cut to a map is he spec Book of he as steries of the the inffolde light. I am the aspiration wito the ligher to (an he love of the anknown. I, an he blut ade within the Gan Duar. I am the inition for the soenament of Dan. I swing
the center of pership, of sprinkle
the waters of punification, I am
the faith for of the house of the
invisible. I am the prie ters of He silver star. to her a a another asse her tobe I holds we in her left com, t

all crowns fall, mine shall not fall, for my plumes reach up unto the Knees of Him that sitteth upon the holy throne, & liveth & reigneth for ever & ever as the balance of righteousness & truth. I am the Angel of the moon. I am the veiled one that sitteth between the pillars veiled with a shining veil, & on my lap is the open Book of the mysteries of the eff-e ineffable light. I am the aspiration unto the higher. I am the love of the unknown. I am the blind ache within the heart of man. I am the minister of the sacrament of pain. I swing the censer of worship, & I sprinkle the waters of purification. I am the daughter of the house of the invisible. I am the Priestess of the Silver Star.

And she catches me up to her as a mother catches her babe, & holds me up in her left arm, &



sets un lips to her break Aut when her break is written: Rosa Mundi est Liliam Coeli, writer over her And I look four apor the Apa Book A Ne vij stines, tit is
Apa at Ne page or aluit is he
he toble with he tuelu stunge
in he wist. It restates a blaze Hight, too dozzling to make out Me Characters, + the voice. To interpret hos, as must hut of ixtus, alund does not count Jesos Christos Mean wids fotter, as tratitional as serbs, but is a wysten of hat hat the letter of the as as and any it up. with chis haif because it was a safet of sphilis which the forward supposed to how been Droyp from Spra, 1 of seem

sets my lips to her breast. And upon her breast is written: Rosa Mundi est Lilium Cæli=,(written over her breast.)

And I look down upon the open Book of the mysteries, & it is open at the page on which is the Holy table with the twelve squares in the midst. It radiates a blaze of light, too dazzling to make out the characters, & the a voice says: Non haec piscis omnium.

[To interpret that, we must think of Ιχθυς, which does not conceal Iesous Christos Theau υιος Soter, as traditionally asserted, but is a mystery of the letter Nun & the letter Qoph, as may be seen by adding it up.

Iχθυς is only connected with Christianity because it was a sigil hieroglyph of syphilis, which the Romans supposed to have been brought from Syria, & it seems

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methods Melf, (cannot see it for the blage tight, but (an giver to and mother) that it appears in another terry Author of for frontices he white contexto. As I am bit ter to study the Los table very citatly so at to be able to concertife on It when It appears. So that I am as great as the Angel.

And we are standing as it consisting
face to face, our hands + ips t bruts + twee t fact to ester, + ber ye freke into in eje like alisting shoffs & steel Sother !

to have been confounded with leprosy, which also they thought was caused by fish-eating.]

One important meaning of Iχθυς: it is formed of the initials of five egy Egyptian deities, & also of five Greek deities, in both cases a magic formula of tremendous power is concealed. As to the holy table itself, I cannot see it for the blaze of light, but I am given to understand that it appears in another Æthyr, of which it forms practically the whole contents. And I am bidden to study the holy Table very intently, so as to be able to concentrate on it when it appears.

I have grown greater, so that I am as great as the Angel. And we are standing, as if crucified face to face, our hands & lips & breasts & knees & feet together, & her eyes pierce into my eyes like whirling shafts of steel, so that I

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cold to potal: 8 siris was a black got. ' Let the Letyr claps its hands, greater than the feal of a thousand wifly thumbers. Br-Saada. M: 30, cgof. 10 gt -11.45, f.m.

fall backwards headlong through the Æthyr, & there is a sudden & tremendous shout, absolutely stunning, cold & brutal: 'Osiris was a black god!' And the Æthyr claps its hands, greater than the peal of a thousand mighty thunders.

I am back.

BOU-SAADA. Nov: 30, 1909

10-12, p.m. .

10 9.45 -11.45 p.m. .

